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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XI.

When Vara was going to market on the following day, Maureen begged permission to go with her, as she had not been in town, she said, for a long, long time.

"You'll not go now, then, not one step!—stay at home and mind the house, and get the dinner ready." Maureen's countenance fell, but luckily there was help at hand.

"Why, then, Vara," said Randal who sat at the door repairing one of his nets, "what needs you snap at the child that way—let her go, can't you? an' I'll get the dinner for one day—it's not hard to do. An' as for mindin' the house, let it mind itself, there's no one goin' to run away with it, is there?"

"There it is again now!" cried Vara from the top of her cart, for she was already mounted, "that's the way you've spoiled her, and God sees it's no wonder she'd be as she is!"

"Nonsense, Vara! we were all young ourselves once in our day—don't be hard on Maureen, an' her has no mother but you."

This last stroke told well, just as Randal expected. The old woman looked askance at her granddaughter, and smiled a grim smile. "Well! well! it's a folly to talk," said she, "some people will never have sense—here's a man that has ruled the Claddagh for twenty years, an' he can't rule, or doesn't want to rule, his own child. I suppose I may as well give in. Get up here, Maureen! if you *are* goin', an' don't be keepin' me all day."

Before Maureen mounted the cart, however, she went over and whispered something to her father, who smiled and nodded.

"So I may stay all the evenin', father, and you'll send the boys for me!"

"I will, *machree*, I will—it'll be clear moonlight—but go—go—your granny's gettin' outrageous!—you can tell her as you go along, an' coax her into it?"

At the outset of the journey Vara was in very bad humor and could hardly speak a civil word, but she really loved Maureen, perhaps better than any living thing, and could never long resist her winning ways when she set about smoothing her down. By the time they had reached the fish-market, the old woman was as agreeable as she ever could be, and had cheerfully acceded to Maureen's request, which was neither more nor less than that she might be permitted to spend the day with Noddy Kinshela, after making some purchases for the house at home, the largest item of which was tobacco, together with a liberal allowance of "Traynor's good tea" aforementioned. The principal ingredient for the men's "grog" was by right of privilege purchased of a Claddagh man who drove a triving trade in that article.

"Well, granny! I'm goin' now," whispered Maureen to her grandmother when she had brought her last purchase to her to the fish-market to be stowed away in the cart, "you'll not forget to send the boys in for me about nine o'clock."

"No danger," said the old woman impatiently, for she was selling a large cod-fish at the moment, "be off with you, and don't be botherin' me any more."

As Maureen tripped away, who should come up but Mr. Hampton with his daughter on his arm. They were going to price some fish, but perceiving Maureen, they stopped short and both looked after her with curious eyes.

"La, papa!" said Emily in a low voice, "what a graceful creature that is!—who on earth is she?"

"I shouldn't wonder, my dear, if she were the Maureen Dhu of whom we have heard so much—you see she is a Claddagh girl, and there cannot possibly be two of *that* stamp about the village. I say, Vara!" raising his voice, "who is that girl?" pointing to the receding figure of Maureen.

"My granddaughter!" replied the old woman very shortly.

"Bless my soul! what a pretty girl!"

"She's jist as God made her, Mister Hampton!—she wasn't behind the door like you an' me when beauty was a givin' out!"

"I see you're still the same," said Hampton, endeavoring to keep down his anger.

"Jist the ould six an' eight pence, sir!—fine cod and mackerel the day, Mister Hampton!—look at that cod-fish, now!—isn't it a beauty?"

"Well! I can't agree with you there, Vara!" said Hampton with a sickly smile, being evidently desirous of cultivating a good understanding with the queen of the fish-market, "still I think it's fresh——"

"Fresh, sir! why it was in the Bay late yisterday evenin'."

So the fish was deposited in the basket carried by a servant man, and the stipulated price being duly handed over to Vara, Hampton and his daughter walked on, well pleased to have for once escaped Vara's tongue.

Meanwhile Maureen had made her way through moldering arches and fragments of broken masonry into Noddy's castellated dwelling, the door of which was only secured by a latch. The mistress of the mansion was absent, and the old gray pussy who sat in feline dignity, and most philosophic repose on the well-swept hearth, seemed no ways inclined to do the honors—neither purr nor mew greeted the coming of the stranger, and there was no small dash of contempt in the stare of her great green eyes. A grim, ill-favored cat she was, and Maureen could not help thinking as she looked around on the gloomy walls, that she should not like to have her for a companion in such a scene. Still she resolved to make friends with her if possible, seeing that she was the only living thing in or about the ruin, and so well did she succeed in her attempt, that by the time Noddy came in—it might be a couple of hours after—madam pussy was purring her best on Maureen's knee, while the girl sewed away at some mending which she found under weigh.

"Why the blessin' o' God on you, ma colleen dhas!" cried Noddy as she entered and threw down her well-filled wallet, "is it here I have you, and sewin' away for me as hard as you can? Are you long in it, acushla?"

"A couple of hours or so," said Maureen with a smile, "I came in with granny when she came to market."

"An' I see you have a fire on, too, an' the kettle boilin'!"

"To be sure—I couldn't sit here doin' nothing, you know. Have you e'er a grain of tea in the house?"

"'Deed an' I have, then, as good as ever was wet." Unlocking a small deal box of a reddish color which stood in a dark corner on the flagged floor, she handed the tea to Maureen with a kindly smile, and then took from a little alcove near the fireplace a small black tea-pot, which was soon sitting on the hearth distilling the precious weed which was Noddy's *summum bonum* of comfort, while Maureen's busy hands ranged the two blue tea-cups with their usual accompaniments on a tiny round table, the gift of Noddy's lamented patroness, the former lady of the mansion. The history of this table, with a detailed account of the circumstances under which it was given, seasoned while it lengthened considerably the social repast, and while Noddy dispensed to her charming guest "the cup that cheers," she regaled her ears with the simple reminiscence which formed a bright speck "on memory's waste."

"Old and withered as I am now," said Noddy, "I was young, and maybe well enough to be seen at the time, an' though I hadn't as many after me as some one you an' I know, still there was one or two that would have answered me very well. Myself an' a dacent boy, a carpenter by trade, had made it up to be married, an' there was a hand promise between us, but, you see, the ould madam was bad with the rhumatis at the time, an' we had to put it off till she'd be better, because I couldn't lave her. Still we were gettin' little things in readiness, an' among the rest, the madam, God rest her sowl in glory, gave me this little oak table, an' isn't it a rale beauty?—on account o' the conceit she knew I had in it. Well! Cormac was in a great hurry, to be sure, for the mistress to get well, but lo and behould you! long before she *did* get well, he was knocked down himself with a plur-isy an' lived only nine days."

The old woman's voice trembled, and she suddenly stopped short, then put a turf or two on the fire, took a pinch of snuff, and finally answered Maureen's pitying "thu! thu! thu!" with a long sigh and a longer look.

"Well! God has his own ways of workin', sure enough," said she, when she could again command her voice, "Cormac died, for all so strong and hearty as he was, and the ould mistress got well. Ugh! ugh! ugh! bad manners to this cough I have—isn't it a quere thing, Maureen! to see an ould body like me troubled about sich things as these. But sure, sure, if we're as ould as the hills we can't keep away the thoughts that rise up athin us—the thoughts of them that made our hearts glad in the days that are gone for ever. Well! well! may they all rest in pace! amen! but I was tellin' you about the table—as long as the family kept together, I had it in my own little room alongside my bed, an' when ruin an' destruction came on everything, an' the master an' mistress were taken away out of this wretched world, an' Master Edward went abroad to seek his fortuue, an' myself was turned out on the wide world to shift as I could, didn't I take my little table with me wherever I went, from one lodgin' to another, till at last I had to turn to beggin' an' myself an' it landed back again in the ould place. Ochone! but it's the poor, lonesome place now to what it was! but still I'm more content in it than I'd be in the king's palace. I like to sit in the fine summer's evenings an' watch the sun shining in on the floor through the ould arches, an' at night when the wind whistles through the bare walls, it makes me both glad an' sorry, somehow, for whiles I think it's the voices I used to hear about the house talkin' to me from the other world.

Maureen listened entranced to the old woman's dreamy recollections, and her beautitul eyes were moist with tears at the visible emotion which the remembrance of half-forgotten affections awoke in her still active mind. The tea-things were put away in the little alcove, some fresh fuel was heaped on the fire, and the glare of its flickering light struggled with th thickening shades of twilight throughout the limits of the old kitchen. The light without grew dimmer and dimmer, while that within blazed up merrily, revealing every object in the quaint apartment, from the great oven which had once baked the daily bread for the Lynch household to the tiny ark-shaped box which contained Noddy's slender stock of salt. In the chimney corner, just within the wide chimney, was seated Mrs. Grimalkin, watching with half-closed eyes the fantastic wreaths of flame ascending from the turf-fire, and in front of the hearth, with the light falling full on their faces, were the strangely-contrasted pair who were drawn together by some invisible cord of sympathy, the nature of which it was not easy to understand.

"Maureen!" said the beggarwoman out of a deep *reverie!* "you Claddagh people haven't much notion of the wickedness that's in the hearts of men. I know you're fond of stories, so I'll tell you one that's as true as the Gospel. It happened here in Galway, an' in my own day, too."

The story that Noddy told was of a young girl whose extraordinary beauty made her the admiration of the whole city, although she was only the daughter of a poor huxter.* Her parents, proud of her beauty, wanted to make a lady of her, all out, and so they pinched and almost starved themselves at times in order to give their idol all the learning which they thought necessary to fit her for the high station to which her beauty was to raise her. And sure enough there was every likelihood of her making an extra "good match," one that would raise herself and all belonging to her out of poverty, for amongst her admirers were some of the first young men in the city, as far as birth and fortune went. Una thought, to be sure, and so did her father and mother, that their fine speeches were all in downright earnest, and maybe they didn't all carry their heads high on account of it. There was one of the young gentlemen especially that was night and day after Una—he followed her like her shadow, and the old people were so proud of his company that they never put a watch on the pair, but left them to go in and out together as they wished, still thinking it would all end in marriage. Some of their friends made bold to advise them to keep Una in a little more, but it's what they were highly offended, and asked wasn't their daughter able to take care of herself—if she wasn't, she ought to be, and all the money that was spent on her. The neighbors all knew well enough that Una was *not* able to take care of herself, for she was a proud, vain creature, with a head as light as a feather. Still they all took the hint and meddled no more with the matter. "One fine morning," said Noddy, "just when the thing was likely to take a favorable turn, my chap sets off somewhere away far beyond seas without as much as bidding good-bye to Una, an' then, my dears! there was nothing but ruin and misery in the house, for Una was from one faintin'-fit to the other, and it turned out that she had good cause to grieve, for she was lost and ruined entirely. The ould couple never held up their heads after that, an' when Una had a child some months after, they turned her out herself an' it an' I seen that girl with my own eyes beggin' from door to door, for the way she was brought

* A vender of provisions on a small scale.

up, you see, she could neither work nor want. The father and mother both died within the year, an' the whole family went to desolation. Wasn't that a sorrowful story an' a poor hearin', Maureen?"

"It was, indeed," said Maureen, and she wiped away a falling tear, but still an' all, I think both Una an' her people were very foolish—mightn't they know very well that the likes of him was no company for the likes of her?"

There was the slightest possible tremor in Maureen's voice, but still she spoke with her usual calmness, and Noddy was evidently at a loss. She turned and fixed her sharp eyes on the face of her companion, but there was no blush, no emotion of any kind. There was a strange sort of smile curling the thin lip, but Noddy did not perceive it. She muttered some words to herself, still with her eye on Maureen, and at last she gave expression to her thoughts aloud:

"Now, Maureen, you're as well to be seen as ever Una Scanlan was—what would *you* do, if a gentleman was makin' love to you?"

Maureen laughed. "Well! it is not very likely that such a thing 'ill ever come to pass!"

"But if it did, what would you do?"

"Why, I wouldn't listen to him," said Maureen somewhat more earnestly, "for the man isn't born that 'll make a foel of *me*—with God's help!"

"Take care, Maureen! take care," said the old woman with increased solemnity of voice and look, "I know these quality better than you do, an' mark well what I say, acushla! it's the only way for poor people's honest rearings to keep them at arm's length." She paused—looked at the fire—stroked down the pussy's back—then looked again at her companion who sat watching her motions with a curious eye!"

"Maureen, astore machree! I don't know how it is that I come to have such a liking for you—but however it is I have it an' it's in my heart—there's nobody else now that I feel for as I do for you, and God knows what I'm goin' to say is for your good. I do be often thinkin' of you, agra gal! when maybe it's little you're thinkin' of me, an' there's something troublin' me about you!" She stopped and looked hard at Maureen.

"About me, Noddy! why what in the name o' goodness do you mean?"

"I don't like to tell you plain," said the old woman averting her eyes, "for I have a sort of a likin' myself for them that I want to warn you against ——"

Maureen's anxiety was now thoroughly awakened, but still there was no confusion, no embarrassment, no shrinking consciousness in her startled look.

"Wisha, then, Noddy, what's got into you, at all, at all, of late, that you talk this way. Where does my danger lie?"

"In them killin' eyes of yours, machree, an' that purty face—there's more than the Claddagh boys thinkin' of my darlin'. Ay! them that you wouldn't expect, an' it's hard to get over the likes of them when they want to come round a simple girl—but mind yourself, achorra! and keep out of the way of temptation, an' when it comes in your way, as come it will! think of Una Scanlan and the old beggarwoman's words, an' shut your ears, an' close your eyes—neither look nor listen, my own darlin', for if you do, it 'ill be exposin' yourself to sin, an' you know what we often hear from the altar: 'He that loves the danger will perish in it.'"

The old woman was silent, and so was Maureen. Pale and thoughtful was her face, yet still calm and passionless as she sat gazing on the fire. Unwilling to disturb reflections that might be salutary, Noddy arose, and gliding softly to the door, stept out into the now moonlit court. At first Maureen was unconscious of her absence, and sat musing in what was evidently no pleasurable frame of mind, judging by the contraction of her finely-arched brows and the firm compression of her lips. All at once she was roused from her reverie by the sound of whispering voices just outside the door, and then for the first time she missed Noddy. The latter in drawing the door after her had unintentionally left it the least thing in the world open, so that the slightest sound without reached the listening ear within.

"I have been waiting for you this some time behind this pillar," said a soft musical voice, "for when I looked in at the window I saw some person with you, so I couldn't go in."

It's Maureen Dhu, ma'am, that's in it——"

"What! she whom you told me was so kind to the little orphan child?"

"Herself an' no other, ma'am."

"Why, what brings her here?"

"Well! just what brings many a one else. She thinks I'm made of stories, I b'lieve, an' she's so fond of hearin' them that she'd go from here to Arranmore to hear one——"

"Arranmore!" said the other quickly, "and why to Arranmore more than any where else?"

"Why, just because there's so many ould stories tould about it—that's all."

"Well! but what about the child?—what did she say?" and the soft voice sank to a still lower pitch.

"She's not a drop's blood to her—she wasn't willin' to own it, for she's afeard of her life of havin' to part with the weeny crature, but I made as if I knew all about it, an' at last she had to give in."

There was dead silence for a few moments, and Maureen thinking the mysterious visitor was gone, suddenly opened the door, and there, with Noddy, fully revealed in the silvery light, stood a lady whom she knew at a glance—the bright, fair sister of Mr. Fitzstephen. It is hard to say which of the three was the most confused for the moment, but Noddy was the first to recover her presence of mind, and when Mrs. Behan drawing down her veil would have retired, she dropped a low curtsey and said:

"May God reward you, ma'am, for all your goodness to me!" (Mrs. Behan had really given her some money, as she often did) "I'll bring up that herb for the mistress as soon as I can lay my hand on it. Here's Maureen Dhu, ma'am, all the way from the Claddagh. She came to her *cailly* this evenin' to hear some of our ould shenachus."

"Good evening, Maureen," said the young widow with a stretch of condescension that was not at all usual with her, "I'm glad to meet one of whom I have heard so much." Showing up her veil again, she looked at Maureen, and there was an earnestness in the girl's eye when it met her's, an intensity, as it were, that attracted her she knew not why.

"Your fireside looks so tempting, Noddy," said the lady, looking in at the open door, "that I think I will sit down and rest awhile—that is, if you and Maureen have no objection!"

Of course Noddy was delighted, and Maureen smiled her satisfaction, so in they all three went. Mrs. Behan knew but little of the Claddagh dialect, and Maureen was not much better with regard to English, yet by Noddy's occasional intervention, they managed to understand each other tolerably well.

"So you're fond of stories, Maureen," said Mrs. Behan, as she drew off her kid gloves and warmed her hands over the fire, "I should think you would have plenty of good story-tellers in the Claddagh."

"So we have—there's Aileen Rhua can tell stories from night till mornin'. But I like Noddy's better."

"Aileen Rhua," repeated the lady, and she and Noddy exchanged glances; "who is Aileen Rhua?"

"Oh! an old neighbor of ours that lives all alone by herself, with nobody but little Nanno——"

"Little Nanno," exclaimed Noddy, "why, my pet, you talk as if the lady knew all about these people. Can't you say her grandchild?"

"Wisha, how could I say that when she isn't a drop's blood to her, for all we call her by her name?"

The question that hovered on Mrs. Behan's lip was anticipated by Noddy, who made a sign to the other to say nothing.

"Well! I suppose she's some near friend anyhow, or the old woman wouldn't be for keepin' her? I know she's dependin' herself on the charity of the neighbors."

"She's not a drop's blood to her, that we know of," said Maureen quietly with a side glance at Mrs. Behan, whose face was pale as ashes, and her very lips trembling—"But sure," Maureen went on, "the child would be no burthen to any one, for she's sich a gainin' little creature in herself that everybody loves her."

The young widow drew a long breath, as though giving vent to some strong inward emotion that she might not express in words—"Maureen!" said she, with forced calmness, "is that the little girl I saw in your arms the Sunday we went to St. Mary's Church?"

"The very same, ma'am."

"Well! really it would seem that there *is* something peculiar about the child, for I remember my brother spoke of her many times since. He also spoke of *your* extraordinary affection for the little one. For my part, I did not pay much attention to her at the time."

"It was bad *shanagh*,* then, ma'am," said Maureen quickly, "for she took such notice of *you*, in particular, that she couldn't get you out of her head. I b'lieve she took you for an angel, or something like that, for she said she often dreamed of you a long time ago."

Maureen certainly said this to try whether or not Nanno was *the child* of whom she had heard Mrs. Behan speak to Noddy outside the door, but she did not expect to see her words take such effect. The blood forsook Mrs. Behan's face, and so sudden a faintness came over her that before any one could prevent her she fell back against the wall, motionless but not insensible.

"Maureen, astore! astore! what made you say that?" whispered Noddy in Irish as they both bent over the lady.

"Why, then, what harm was in what I said?"

"Husht! husht! she's comin' to!" With a long, deep sigh, Margaret opened her eyes, and fixed them on Maureen who was supporting her in her arms.

"Maureen!" said she in a low tremulous voice, "there's some one that child reminds *me* of—some one I once knew and loved—and I think it strange that she also should have some memories connected with me. There!—I'm quite recovered now—sit down, my dear!"

"*My dear!*" repeated Maureen to herself with a flushed cheek.

Noddy was going to say something, but Mrs. Behan with a smile placed her hand on her mouth.

"Not a word now, Noddy! not a word—I see there's something in Maureen Dhu that's not in most other girls. My brother has confidence in her prudence and discretion—so have I now, although I laughed at *him* before. Maureen! I see you suspect something with regard to that child whom you have pitied and caressed in her loneliness—did you, or did you not, hear what passed between Noddy and me outside?"

"Well! I did, ma'am,—since you put the question that way—but don't be uneasy about it, for it'll go no farther,—you may be sure of that!"

"I believe you, Maureen!—and now I suppose I must tell you more!"

"I'd rather you wouldn't, ma'am!—unless it's pleasing to yourself—I know that the child was taken up out of the river by one of the Claddagh boys——"

"Who was he?" cried the lady with startling vehemence.

"Why, Shan Driscoll, ma'am, a neighbor boy of ours!"

"Oh! I have heard of him—he is one of *somebody's* humblest servants—a fine fellow, I believe he is, too!" and she looked very archly at Maureen. The latter blushed and smiled, but said nothing.

"It was him that saved the child, ma'am, at any rate, down somewhere about the Arran Islands—who or what she is Shan doesn't know, or none of us, an' we don't care to find out for fear we'd be losin' her."

"Well! this much I will tell you," said Margaret rising, "*I* know whose child she is, and she is neither the offspring of sin nor shame!" she stood erect and looked Maureen full in the face as though challenging her scrutiny. "Noddy can tell you that as well as I, but more you are not to know now. The day may come—and that sooner than you think—when you shall know all. Meanwhile continue your kindness to the poor creature—trust me she is a fitting object for your charity—but as you value my friendship, never mention her and me in the same breath to any one"—she laid her arm on Maureen's shoulder so as partly to encircle her neck, and whispered softly and significantly: "*above all to Giles Fitzstephen!*" did she kiss Maureen's cheek, or did Maureen only dream it? Whether or no when the astonished girl recovered her composure and looked around, she and Noddy were alone. Seeing her bewilderment the old woman smiled and drew her in silence to a seat, but before either could question the other, Barney O'Hara and Brian Kinealy made their appearance. They came to fetch Maureen home.

* Very ungrateful.

(To be continued.)

A Whole Family Burned to Death.—A fire occurred in the town of Leroy, N. Y., on Sunday night week, destroying the dwelling of Daniel Comstock. Mr. Comstock, his wife and four little children perished in the flames. The names of the children are Mary, Maria, Salome and Cora, all under ten years of age. The affair creates much excitement and the greatest sympathy in the vicinity of the melancholy occurrence.

A REMEDY AGAINST A BAD TONGUE.

Drexellius, in his ascetic works, full of unction and interesting detail, tells us of a lady of rank, who met with a severe trial in a dissolute and extravagant husband. He always returned home very late at night, sometimes from his carousing parties, at other times from the gaming tables. The foolish and insolent questions of the husband, with the short and severe repartees of the wife, were sure to raise a storm, which occasionally proceeded beyond abusive words and mutual recrimination. Under this distress, the lady applied to a wise and discreet friend, for his advice how to proceed. He listened with great patience and seeming interest whilst the lady was unfolding her tale of sorrows; and then with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, said: "Is this, my good lady, your only subject of complaint? Take courage: I possess a specific of such astonishing efficacy, that, if you will only use it three or four times, according to my directions, it will soften down the asperity of your partner's temper, and secure to you the enjoyment of a quiet and even mind." Upon this, he flew to his cupboard, and brought down a small vial of a transparent liquor, very closely corked. "Preserve this precious water," says he, "with as much care as you would your eyes. When your husband is returning home, before the door be opened to him, take a little of this invaluable liquid in your mouth. Be sure not to swallow it; it will do you harm; and do not spit it out; in that case it will do you no good. But, as long as the paroxysm continues keep it shut in your mouth, and you will see the effect." The lady returned with the vial, determined upon making the experiment, and giving it a fair trial, by following the prescription to the letter. The first night she thought she found some benefit by it; but the second and third nights she could speak more positively to its efficacy, as it made her husband no longer so very terrible. Enraptured with the discovery, she returned to her benefactor, to thank him for his kindness. "But pray tell me, sir, where this miraculous water can be purchased; if money can procure it, I assure you, I will never be without it." "This water so celebrated, Madam, so very efficacious, is what I took myself from the spring. Its efficacy consists in obliging you to remain silent; and it was your silence alone that calmed and pacified your infuriate husband."

A silent tongue the fiercest passion tames,
As added water overcomes the flames.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

All that the imagination of Dante has figured—all that the pens of Thucidydes or Boccacio have described—all that the pencil of Reynolds has pictured of the terrible and pathetic—was realized, and more than realized, in that scene of unutterable woe. Often when a cottage was observed to be deserted and the wonted smoke no longer seen to issue from its roof—when the anxious neighbors opened the door, they found the whole family lying dead in a circle, with the new born infant still locked in its mother's arms, having drained the last drop of nutriment in the dying embrace. Numbers of peasants dropped down on the wayside from pure exhaustion when striving to reach the workhouse or the nearest government works. A faithful dog was sometimes found beside the body, emaciated and weak, but true to its trust even in death—

Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death his mute favorite attended,
The much loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

A mornful scene was very frequently presented at the farmhouses during the winter, especially in the remote parts of the country, where the cattle, deprived of their wonted meal, were to be seen standing in silence round the deserted door, occasionally giving a low moan at the long continued absence of the well known hands that were wont to nourish them, and whose prostration had been so sudden that they had neither strength to feed nor slay them. The wail of starving children was to be heard on all sides begging in vain of their parents the slender pittance on which they had long supported life. A melancholy feature of the times was exhibited in the long trains of convoys, with provisions, which traversed the country on their way from the seaports to the interior, escorted by long files of infantry and cavalry, round which the weeping villagers, with their children, crowded, supplicating for a handful of meal to stay the pangs of hunger. The scenes exhibited far exceeded in horror anything yet recorded in European history.—*Alison's History of Europe.*

An Epitaph.—It is said that Tom Moore, one night, while stopping at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he should write her epitaph. Accordingly at night he gave impromptu as follows:

"Good Susan Blake, in royal state,
Arrived at last at Heaven's gate—"

and stopped, promising to finish in the morning. The good lady was in a transport at this inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the lady reminded him he had not finished the epitaph. "That is so," said he, and immediately added—

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were under motion just as he had finished the last line.

Money makes the gentleman, the want of it the fellow.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XLIV.

sit to Dublin—FitzPatrick's "Historical Picture"—His Account of the Clare Election of 1828—My last interview with O'Connell—His Departure to England—His last Appearance in Parliament—His Sojourn at Hastings—Visit from Three Oxford Converts—FitzPatrick's Visit to O'Connell at Hastings—Departure from England—Reception of O'Connell on the Continent—Opinions of the French Physicians on O'Connell's Malady—His Appearance when at Lyons described—Transient Improvement of his Health at Genoa—His Relapse—His Death—Exhortation to Unity amongst his Followers.

I AGAIN visited Dublin in January, 1847. During my short stay in town I breakfasted one morning with Mr. FitzPatrick. After breakfast he showed me a painting, admirably executed by Haverty, representing a scene in the office of the *Dublin Evening Post*, on the 7th June, 1828, where O'Connell penned his memorable address to the Electors of Clare. The figures in the picture are those of O'Connell, FitzPatrick, and Conway (the Editor of the *Post*). They are all excellent likenesses. O'Connell is represented standing, and reading the address to his two friends, who are seated: he has just paused, and looks at his auditors with a triumphant glance incomparably characteristic, and which seems to say, "Well—what think you of *that*?" It is a wonderfully striking portrait, and its merits as a likeness must forcibly strike all who have seen the original in the plenitude of mental and bodily vigor.

"Those were stirring days," said FitzPatrick, referring to the period commemorated by the picture; "days never to be forgotten! The details of that Clare Election movement, or rather of its origin, are not very generally known. It was on the 16th of June, 1828, that the Catholic Association, at the instigation of O'Connell, determined to oppose the re-election of Mr. FitzGerald for Clare; and Major Macnamara was then suggested as the proper candidate. On the 18th, O'Connell brought forward the address to the Liberal Club, the Forty-shilling Freeholders, and the Electors of Clare generally, repudiating Vesey FitzGerald. At an early hour on the morning of Sunday, the 22nd, David Roose, who had been High Sheriff of Clare, and who, although a Tory in politics, had especial reasons for accomodating himself to O'Connell's views wherever the latter was personally concerned, suggested to me the idea that O'Connell himself should stand for Clare. He was unquestionably the person who first thought of this movement, so pregnant with momentous results; and I," continued FitzPatrick, "was the first person to whom he communicated his idea. The hint did not fall upon barren soil. It happened by a curious coincidence that when I was about twenty years of age, I had been, in company with my father, a constant visitor at the house of old John Keogh, the redoubtable leader, and the foremost man in the unmodified Catholic agitation of that time. Keogh, whose sagacity was remarkable, made on each of those occasions, a point to impress upon me that Catholic Emancipation would probably be attained until a Catholic should be returned to Parliament for *a borough*. The success of a Papist in *a county* could not even be dreamt of. Keogh's expressions on the subject were usually to the effect that John Bull was very dull of comprehension, and that his religious prejudices were proportionate to his solidity; that he was thus led to consider Catholic Emancipation implied the power of returning of him in Smithfield: That, notwithstanding all this, John Bull was exceedingly jealous as to constitutional right; and if a Catholic could be elected for some such borough as Drogheda, and was then denied the right to take his seat, the nature of the obstacle, namely, a short clause in an oath, would be immediately intelligible; and John Bull's constitutional feeling would be aroused to work out a repeal of so much of the oath as barred the privileges of a recognized constituency whose chosen representative was precluded from discharging his duty to them by such oath. The moment, therefore, that Roose made his suggestion, all Keogh's views and feelings burst anew upon my recollection. My enthusiasm of the moment I exclaimed, 'Thank Heaven! the Catholics are emancipated!' for that O'Connell's success with the Clare electors was unquestionable. I instantly returned to him, and I assure you I found him for some time quite disinclined to make the experiment. It was by repeated visits and repeated exhortations that I induced him to address the electors of Clare. He wrote his address in Conway's *sanctum*—there's the scene of the editor's room—and admirably well delivered it.* I should tell you that even after the address was published, O'Connell hesitated to go to the county, because of the ruinous expense he feared it would involve. I undertook to provide for the financial difficulty; and in my connexion with the most opulent as well as patriotic of the Catholic body was alike active and intimate, I set about collecting funds for the contest; and having obtained in Dublin on the very first day of application nearly £2,000, the fund was increased to more than £14,000, within ten days, by the prompt and bountiful co-operation of the provinces."

From FitzPatrick's house I proceeded to that of O'Connell.

The depression of the Liberator's spirits had increased, with the increasing enmities that daily thinned the ranks of the Association. In reply to my inquiry after his health, he said, "I am well enough, only that I feel the feebleness of age upon me." He went to the Association, which I was unable to attend, but we met at the close of the day's meeting in the Committee-room. He asked me to walk home with him. The day was bright and sunny, and he selected the longer route, by College green, Grafton street, and Stephen's green, to Merrion square.

As we walked along I happened to mention that Sir William Betham (Ulster King-at-Arms) informed me that he had refused to permit The O'Connor Don to use supporters with his arms. That gentleman had applied for Sir William's sanction, conceiving that his royal descent entitled him to that heraldic distinction.

"Then why didn't he assume supporters," cried O'Connell, "without asking leave of any Sir William Betham?"

Speaking of a law-suit between two rival claimants of the property of an intestate, he mentioned the mode in which he thought the court would probably decide.

"That may be law," said I, "but would it be justice?"

"Whatever is law," repl'ed he, "*must*, in such a case, be justice. There is no natural right in the owner of property to regulate its destination after his death; and the law, which is the sole creator of the right to bequeath or devise, most justly controls the succession to property where its owner has omitted to appoint a successor himself."

Something led to the mention of the Duke of Sussex. O'Connell spoke of a splendid entertainment given by the Duke at Kensington,* to which he had been invited to meet her Majesty. "The little lady honored me with a good stare," said he. "The Duke was very gracious; he slapped me on the back and said, 'How are you, Dan, my boy?'" O'Connell went on to speak of the Duke's son Sir Augustus d'Este. "I always style him, 'Your Royal Highness;' and in my opinion he is perfectly well entitled to that designation. In Ireland he most certainly is. His father has treated him extremely ill."

We spoke of Mr. Frederick Lucas, the proprietor of the *Tablet* newspaper. O'Connell praised his abilities, and emphatically said, "Lucas is the best Englishman—the best in his views and sentiments towards Ireland—I ever knew."

As we walked along, I observed with pain that O'Connell's step was very slow, and that although he moved without difficulty, yet there was a manifest feebleness about him. His mind was painfully agitated, not only by the causes I have already mentioned, but by the awful visitation of famine which had fallen on the country. He must, too, have had many an uneasy thought of the mischief which the public calamity inflicted on his own private interests. He proposed at the Repeal Association that England should raise a loan of thirty millions, to be applied to the relief of the Irish sufferers. Ireland, if it were not for the Union, could herself have raised by loan whatever amount the emergency demanded; besides which, there would have been infinitely greater accumulations of individual wealth throughout the country. But the famine came upon the Union-stricken land, which, rendered helpless by the deprivation of all control over her own resources, and by the emaciating money drains of six-and-forty years, became the recipient of the alms of the civilized world.

O'Connell now regularly attended the Reproductive Employment Committee. It was one of the last public bodies—if not the last—he attended before his final embarkation for England.

On the 22d of January he sailed for Liverpool, *en route* to London, to attend his parliamentary duties. Shortly after his arrival in London he submitted to the House of Commons his plan for averting the horrors of famine from his countrymen. His appearance in the House is described by an eye-witness as being in a high degree solemn and imposing. But it was the solemnity of approaching death, whose sable shadow was already cast upon the Mighty Chief. His days were evidently drawing to a close. His voice was broken, hollow, and occasionally quite inaudible; his person was debilitated; the vigor of his eloquence was gone, and his appearance was that of one who, destined soon to descend into the grave, makes the last feeble rally of his fainting powers in performance of a duty to his country.

His indisposition now daily increased. If his mind could have been soothed by the attentions of the great, he possessed that species of consolation; nobles and ministers of state made daily inquiry at this hotel. Nay, even Royalty one or twice paid him a similar compliment.

His physicians advised him to try a milder climate.

Prior to quitting England for the Continent, he sojourned for several days at Hastings. While he stayed there he was visited by three of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts. Those gentlemen stated "that their visit was not made for the mere purpose of compliment or condolence; but in order that they might have the pleasure of personally assuring him that the religious change which they, and numerous others, had made, was ascribable, under God, to *his* political labors, which had in the first instance attracted their attention to the momentous questions at issue between Protestants and Catholics. The inquiry that originated thus, ended in a conviction of the truth of Catholicity." He was pleased at this intelligence; his spirits rallied, and he conversed with his new friends for nearly an hour with the point and vivacity that had characterized him in the days of his vigor.

During his sojourn at Hastings, his old friend FitzPatrick travelled thither from Dublin at his earnest request, to bid him what both felt was a last adieu. FitzPatrick was one of his truest and most valued friends. By his unrivalled financial operations he sustained O'Connell in his high position for a series of years, disembarrassed from pecuniary anxieties, and enabled to devote his whole energies to political duty, instead of (as he frequently phrased it himself) "being condemned to labor as a mere professional drudge." FitzPatrick accompanied O'Connell to Folkestone, where they arrived on Saturday, the 19th of March, and remained the following Sunday. On Monday, the 21st, O'Connell took a final farewell of his old and tried friend; and embarked for Boulogne, escorted to the pier by gazing crowds, whose countenances were expressive of a mixture of curiosity and sympathy. The passage to Boulogne was short, and the distinguished invalid on his arrival was greeted with marks of public courtesy similar to those which had attended his departure from England. Arrived at the Hotel de Bains, many persons left their cards; and a polite invitation to an entertainment which was given on that evening by the British residents of Boulogne, was forwarded to Mr. O'Connell and his friends. It is needless to say, that the state of the Liberator's health rendered his acceptance of the invitation impossible. On taking his departure the following morning, the court-yard of the hotel contained many spectators, both French and English, who all uncovered their heads as he passed to the carriage. There was something very touching in this mute homage.

At Paris he consulted Professor Chomel and Dr. Oliffe, who considered that his weakness arose from slow congestion of the brain. From Paris to Lyons the journey occupied twelve days, as the invalid was obliged to stop at Nevers, Moulines, and Lapalisse. When at Lyons, he called in Professor Bonnet, who also expressed his opinion that congestion of the brain had set in. Nevertheless, the professor pronounced *that his patient's understanding was perfectly lucid;* it was, however, "little active, and the mind was a continual prey to sad reflections." M. Bonnet's description of O'Connell's appearance and condition at this period, as given by Dr. Lacour, is full of melancholy interest:

"His weakness was so great, that he believed it incompatible with life, and he constantly had the presentiment of approaching death. The arms were slow in their movements; the right trembled continually, and the right hand was cold, and could be warmed with difficulty, although he wore very thick gloves. The left foot was habitually colder than the right. He walked without difficulty, but his step was slow and faltering. His face had grown thin, and his look proclaimed an inexpressible sadness; the head hung upon the breast, and the entire person of the invalid, formerly so imposing, was greatly weighed down. 'I am but the shadow of what I was, and I can scarcely recognize myself,' said he, to M. Bonnet, who regarded him with visible emotion."

M. Bonnet recommended that the sorrowful ideas which preoccupied the mind of the invalid should be removed by every possible means—a recommendation, alas! more easily given than realized.

The severity of the weather at Lyons confined O'Connell to the house, thereby depriving him of whatever relief might have been afforded by outdoor exercise.

During the journey O'Connell had hitherto evinced great listlessness and mental abstraction. Crowds followed him everywhere, testifying their reverence for his genius and his services, and their sympathetic sorrow for his sufferings. He passed along, heedless of their demonstrations, and scarcely conscious of their presence. Distinguished personages presented complimentary addresses, which at another period would have gratified him; but he now received them with apathy, and almost in total silence; his thoughts, apparently, far away from all such topics—preoccupied, doubtless, by the rapid approach of his own dissolution. To a gentleman who tried to cheer him by expressing a hope of his recovery, he answered, "Do not deceive yourself; I may not live three days."

On the 22d of April O'Connell left Lyons at noon, and reached Valence at five in the evening. The comparative mildness of the temperature afforded him some transient relief. On the 24th he left Valence for Avignon, where his friends were led to form fallacious hopes of his recovery by the rapid improvement which took place. "The invalid," said Dr. Lacour, "took an active part in all our conversations." On the 3d of May, at Marseilles, "he conversed in the evening with a vigor and gaiety that he had not displayed since his departure from England." A delusive flash, alas! to be speedily followed by death.

On the 6th the illustrious traveller arrived at Genoa, where, for the first two days, his health still presented an improved appearance. On the third day he complained of a violent pain in the head. Other symptoms of a very alarming nature dispelled the hopes his friends had begun to cherish. His physicians were embarrassed by his positive refusal to swallow any medicine, "even the most simple." He rejected his necessary food, and "perseveringly abstained from drink for forty hours."*

With the spiritual aid of the Rev. Dr. Miley, of Dublin, who had attended him on his journey with affectionate assiduity, he now prepared for the immediate approach of his great audit. He departed this life at thirty-seven minutes after nine o'clock at night on the 15th of May, 1847.

Thus died in exile and in sorrow our greatest man, and the greatest political benefactor of the Irish people.

The period of his death was one of horror and dismay in Ireland. Famine and pestilence ravaged the land; and the powerful phalanx who, a few short years before, had combined to recuscitate her legislative independence, were fritted into impotent parties by their own most unhappy dissensions. The physical and political condition of the people looked black and cheerless; and amidst the dark clouds which shadowed their destinies, the beacon-light that had guided them in safety through many a storm, was now extinguished for ever.

Would to God that the differences which divide Repealers were buried in the grave with O'Connell! I see not any very serious difficulty in reconciling the antagonist parties. He who delays one hour to do his part towards effecting that object, is deeply criminal towards Ireland. As long as the cry for Repeal is blended with the mutual vituperations of its advocates; as long as that measure is sought by two conflicting confederacies, each of which denounces the other as a public nuisance,—so long will the agitation be unsatisfactory to its friends, and anything but formidable to its adversaries. If the persons who have quitted the Association will not return to it, the next best thing is the perfectly harmonious action of the different Societies professing the same object. This, at least, is practicable. Ireland, in order to succeed in her just claim, must present an unbroken front to the foe. Her millions must resolve as with one will, speak as with one voice, and work together as one man. If common sense predominates, they will forget their petty jealousies. If, however, the Genius of Discord—the ancient curse of Ireland—should prevail, then indeed we have no other prospect than a perpetuity of our present degrading and ruinous provincialism.

But I hope better things. The spirit evoked at Mullaghmast and Tara by the Great Magician is not dead. There is in Ireland superabundant power to effect the restoration of the Irish Parliament, if the right means be taken to give it efficacy.

O'Connell's lessons are of infinite popular utility. He has shown us the resistless potency of legal, peaceful, persevering, and, above all, UNITED agitation. He, unhappily, has not lived to witness the triumph of his latter struggle. Whilst we walk in his political footsteps, let us honor his memory by inscribing on his tomb the epitaph of his choice—an epitaph that suggests to us a glorious example to be followed, and a sacred task to be achieved:

"HE DIED A REPEALER."

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* FitzPatrick added that O'Connell's commission to Haverty to paint this picture contained these words: "For presentation to Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, as a lasting testimony of his important suggestions and services in furtherance of the memorable year in 1828, and as a token of the sincerest friendship and gratitude."

* I think in 1838 or 1839.

* Dr. Duff's statement.

CANADIAN ORANGEISM.

The following petition to the Legislative Assembly has been signed unanimously by the Catholics of Toronto. Similar ones are in course of signature throughout every county and parish of the two Provinces:

PETITION,

To the Honorable the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada:

The Humble Petition of the undersigned, inhabitants of the City of Toronto and its vicinity, HUMBLY SHEWETH:

That Your Petitioners have learned with the deepest concern that a Bill is now before Your Honorable House, to Incorporate a Secret Political Association, known as the Loyal Orange Institution of British North America.

That membership in the said Association is admittedly confined to persons professing one set of religious opinions, a fact, which of itself establishes its exclusively sectarian character.

That the anniversary of the said Loyal Orange Institution is the 12th day of July,—the anniversary of a battle fought in the native land of a large section of the population of Toronto and vicinity; an event that naturally recalls the hostile feelings which it has been the settled policy of the British Empire, for many years past, to diminish and discourage.

That during the present year and the year 1857, the Prime Minister of England and the highest authorities in Ireland have enforced, in the most conspicuous manner, this settled policy of the Empire.

That Your Petitioners have the best reasons to believe, should this Institution be legally recognized in Canada, that counter Associations for purposes of defence or retaliation will be formed—if such are not already in process of formation.

As loyal subjects of the Crown, and sincere friends of the peace and prosperity of the country, the undersigned beg most earnestly and respectfully to submit to Your Honorable House, that the said so-called Loyal Orange Institution ought not to obtain the Act of Incorporation, for which they have now applied; and ought not, in any other particular, be countenanced or encouraged by the Government of this country.

Twenty per cent. of all deaths in Boston during the year 1857 were from consumption.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

One of the largest iron castings ever completed in Belfast was shipped at Donegal Quay, in the Blenheim steamer, for Liverpool, where it will be transferred to another vessel—probably a Mediterranean screw steamer—for conveyance to Alexandria, Egypt. It is a cylinder for a steam engine of 120 horse power, intended to work draining pumps in Egypt, and was cast at the Soho Foundry, Townsend street, by the Messrs. M'Adam, who for several years past have been favored with extensive orders from that country, and have several heavy and valuable ones still on hand.

Strange as it may appear it is no less true, that the gravel containing the spawn of the salmon deposited this year, is being whirled away for the purpose of repairing the weir at Randalstown. The river for some hundreds of yards has been left dry by turning the water into the mill race, and the gravel collected for the above purpose. The mind that conceived the idea of stopping the percolation of water through a weir, by applying gravel, I am sure is not at all likely to set the river on fire.—*Louth paper.*

Carlow.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations towards their funds for the relief of the distressed poor visited and approved of by the Society: John Alexander, Esq., M.P., £2; M. E. White, Esq., M.D., £1; Mr. Edward Byrne, £1; Miss Keeffe, £1; Mr. M. M'Donald, 10s; Anonymous (per Mr. Corcoran), 10s; Mrs. Geo. O'Farrell, 10s; Mr. P. Olliver, 5s; Mr. Thomas Price, 5s; Mrs. Thomas Haughton, 2s 6d; Mr. John Bolger, 2s 6d; and £6 from Mr. Michael Kilfoyle, late of Carlow—now of St. Joseph's, Buchanan County, Missouri, America.—*Sentinel.*

We are happy to learn that the combination against Mr. Butt, M.P., has been defeated, and that the hon. and learned gentleman has been acquitted by the committee. We have been making enquires relative to some of the parties concerned, and we hope, in a few days, to give the result. It was well Mr. Butt met the question promptly in the House of Commons, and challenged that sour, discontented, and disappointed Mr. Roebuck to proceed with his case. That specimen of forensic humanity commenced the proceedings with his usual venom and vehemence, but his intended victim has eluded his grasp, and passed through the ordeal unscathed.—*Ibid.*

About two hundred men, employed on the Bagenalstown and Wexford Railway, assembled between Borris and Bagenalstown, and proceeded along the line, ordering the men to strike for higher wages, stating that the wages should be 12s. per week, instead of 10s., from the 1st of March. Some of the men refused to give up their employment, when they were threatened with a second visit if they persisted in their refusal to strike. Arrangements have since been entered into between the contractor and the workmen.

A heavy fall of snow took place lately in this and the adjoining counties, accompanied by sleet and hail. In some districts the snow drifted to a considerable depth in the vallies. The storm was succeeded by a rapid thaw. There was a heavy gale from the south-east; but the weather, since that period, though intensely cold, is favorable to farming operations—the ground being dry, suitable for carting manure, and preparing the ground for the spring crops.

Cavan.

The death of the Rev. John Murray, P.P., Swanlimbar, took place at his residence, on Saturday, the 13th March, after eleven day's illness. The illness terminated in effusion of water on the chest. His remains were interred in his own parish church on the 15th. Never on a similar occasion did we witness so large an assemblage of people; the spacious church was thronged to suffocation, whilst hundreds, anxious to testify their respect to the memory of the deceased, could not find admittance.

Cork.

The late Alderman Fitzgibbon of Cork died intestate. His stock is valued at £30,000, and he left landed estate exceeding £2,000 a year—his family embraced a wife and two children, son and daughter.

Down.

We understand that the Directors of the Bank of Ireland appointed Francis Horner, Esq., at present Agent of their branch at Tipperary, to the office of Agent at Newry, in the room of Samuel Parsons, Esq., resigned.—*Armagh Guardian.*

Dublin.

It is generally reported that Lieutenant-General Sir Duncan M'Gregor retires on full pay from command of the constabulary force in Ireland, and will be succeeded by Colonel Dunne, late M. P. for Portarlington, and Private Secretary to the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

An accident took place at the Dublin terminus of the Drogheda Railway recently, by which John Ronayne, one of the company's servants, lost his life. It appears that it was his duty to collect the tickets of the incoming trains, and that about half-past seven o'clock the deceased, finding he was late for the proper performance of his duty, imprudently jumped off the out platform, in order to enter the Howth train, which was then arriving at the opposite side. In doing this he was caught by some carriages which were moving along the down rails, and was so seriously bruised that he died about three hours afterwards at Jervis street Hospital. At the hospital it was said that there were two other fatal accidents—one a laborer, killed at Findlater's Brewery, and the other a child burned to death.

Miss Smith, daughter of Lieutenant-Col. Bramston Smith of Fitzwilliam street, had dressed for the purpose of going out to dinner with her parents. Being ready before the other members of the family, she descended to the drawing-room, and sat down before the fire, when, by some unaccountable means, her dress caught fire, and she was in flames in a moment. Her shrieks instantly brought her father down stairs. Seeing the state in which his daughter was, with great presence of mind he took off his coat and wrapped it as well as he could round the young lady. His efforts were unavailing. The deadly element had done its work, and Miss Smith was so much injured that she died in the course of a few hours.

The Lord Lieutenant has resolved on instituting an inquiry into the unfortunate transaction which occurred on the occasion of his entry into Dublin. He has charged the law officers of the crown with the special duty of conducting the investigation in the most impartial manner.

The *Evening Packet* has become the property of the proprietor of the *Warder.*

Kilkenny.

At the present time an active adherent and official of the proselytizing mission in Kilkenny awaits his trial for perjury. The fellow's name is Cashin, and he is proverbial for quoting texts of Scripture, and affecting a holier-than-thou horror of "popery." This worthy, who is a *non-pariel* at the "sanctimonious dodge," had also been previously convicted of obtaining money under false pretences. Need we say he is a pervert—that is a fellow, who, having bartered his own religion for a mess of pottage, is shameless enough to resort to any expedient in the way of mammon-worship. Of late there was in our jail, undergoing his sentence of two years' imprisonment, one of the Rev. Mr. Ashe's decoy birds. He was sleek, sanctimonious, and prayerful too, but then his acts outraged his lip-homage. We can pity crazy fanatics and self-tormenting hypochondriacs, such as the genius whom O'Connell represented as fancying one of his legs was popish, and who, by way of "starving" it into reformation, kept it outside the blankets at night; but we can have no feeling for hypocritical perverts, except a feeling of contempt and loathing. Such impostors are, if we may use the phrase, the vermin of religion—and yet certain evangelical parsons patronize and foster them.—*Newry Examiner.*

King's County.

The town of Tullamore was recently thrown into consternation by the following melancholy and distressing suicide, committed by a person named John Coffey, a pensioner from the 19th Regiment of Foot, and attached to the Local Company there. It appears that deceased had been employed on the recruiting service, and for the last three months was constantly tippling and drinking, and occasionally in a melancholy and desponding state. He was out through the town during the day, and on his return home went up stairs, as was supposed, for the purpose of taking a sleep on his bed; but in some time afterwards, on his daughter going up to look after him, she found him hanging by the neck dead. She instantly gave the alarm, when he was taken down, but life was extinct.

Pursuant to an announcement, Mr. Connolly set up for sale at Logan's Hotel, Banagher, the real estate of the late James Devery, Esq., a lot of which, situated close to the town of Cloghan, which is known as the house, offices, demesne, and lands of Strawberry Hill, containing 161 acres 2 roods and 16 perches, nett value of £214, held under a fee farm grant, and subject to a rent of £100 per annum; for this lot there was a smart competition, and it was eventually knocked down to Mr. Nugent, county Westmeath, at £4,182, which was no less than at the rate of thirty years' purchase of a leasehold interest.

Limerick.

A petition was lodged in the House of Commons, at the instance of Mr. John Ball, against the return of Major Gavin, M.P. for this city, upon the grounds of bribery and corruption at the late election. The petitioners are Mr. Edward Hartigan, solicitor and Mr. Thomas Cochrane.—*Chronicle.*

Louth.

At the Dundalk Petty Sessions a man named Michael M'Evoy was charged with having attempted to travel from Dundalk to Poyntzpass, on the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway, without paying his fare. Mr. M'Mahon, solicitor, made a very ingenious defence, in the course of which he stated that M'Evoy went into the refreshment room to take a glass of ale, and, while there, the train moved on a little distance, and he ran, thinking it was going to start, and took his seat without paying for a ticket, as he believed he had not then time to do so. After hearing evidence to sustain the charge, the bench consulted, and Mr. Fitzmaurice said they felt he was guilty of the intent to travel without paying his fare; but as it appeared that he had on some occasions been allowed to travel without paying, they would fine him only 5s.

The *Newry Examiner*, discussing the election chances in this county, says: "As to that estimable and noble-hearted friend of Ireland, Mr. Tristram Kennedy, we do not think he will again present himself to the electors of the county of Louth. He had such bitter experience of these gentlemen—such bitter experience of their scurvy politics, that he will not again trust himself in their company." This is a peculiar way of doing Whig work. Louth owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kennedy which the honest patriotism of the county will not have set aside by Whig side-winds. Neither is Mr. Kennedy's course one way or another likely to be swerved by such would-be friendly hints.

A very a aged woman named Mullholland, residing in Mill lane, was accidentally burned to death. From the evidence given before the coroner, J. P. Neary, Esq., it appeared the poor old woman (who was nearly 86 years of age) was sitting near the fire when the accidence occurred. Verdict accordingly.—*Drogheda Argus.*

The festival of our National Saint was observed in Dundalk with great decorum. There having been a fair, the country people came to town in great numbers. The "green immortal Shamrock" was universally worn, and good humor prevailed in all parts of the town.

Mr. Holland, the Editor of the *Ulsterman*, delivered a lecture in the Mechanics' Institute, Drogheda, on the "Life and Times of Edmund Burke." The lecturer treated his subject throughout with consummate ability, and was frequently and most cordially applauded.

There are in the Drogheda Workhouse 561 pauper inmates; in that of Ardee, 275; in that of Castleblaney, 211; in Monaghan Workhouse, 193; in that of Clones, 151.

Mayo.

A violent outrage was committed on the person of the Rev. Thomas Hardiman, of Ballinrobe, who was assaulted in the most ferocious manner on his way from a conference at the Rev. Mr. Conway's by a person named Cathcart, a rough and violent person, a coachman or steward to a gentleman living in that town. The onslaught, it is said, was caused by some observations made by the Rev. gentleman, reflecting on and condemnatory of the grossly immoral conduct of a member of his flock. It is supposed that the cap fitted this Cathcart, and hence his retaliation. Mr. Hardiman lies in a very precarious state at the house of Dominick E. Blake, Esq., solicitor, where he was carried, with several very severe cuts on his head, and wounds on other parts of the body, inflicted by a heavy thorn stick.—*Constitution.*

Monaghan.

A fine girl of twelve years old, the daughter of Mr. Wesley Averell, of Clontivran, near Clones, was shot dead by a little boy, of her own age, in thoughtless jest. The gun had been charged and left at half-cock.—*Fermanagh Reporter.*

Roscommon.

Lord De Freyne has taken the chair at the meeting of the committee formed by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P.P., Loughglynn, for the purpose of erecting a new church in the Fairymount district of his parish. At the first meeting of the committee in the old chapel of Fairymount his lordship, along with a grant of a new site, subscribed £50; his agent, Dominick Corr, Esq., £15; Charles L. Ellison, Esq., £20; and the people of the district, £350.

Tipperary.

The Bishops of the Province of Munster held a Provincial Council at Thurles recently, under the Presidency of their venerated Metropolitan, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. The other Prelates present were the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick; the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork; the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne; the Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora; the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry; the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford; and the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Bishop of Ross.

On the night of the 7th of March, one of the windows of Holycross Church was broken, and an entrance was effected by s unknown persons, who rummaged the sac edifice, expecting, it is supposed, to find the communion service, but being foile this, they left without committing any o offence.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

The Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Dr. Leahy, has sent the assurance of co-operation in the erection of a monum to the memery of our illustrious coun man, Sarsfield.

Tyrone.

We regret to announce the demise of Earl of Ranfurly, which took place on day, the 21st March, at his residence, gannon Park. The late earl was in seventy-second year of his age, and is ceeded in his title and estates by Visc Northland.—*Daily Express.*

TESTIMONIAL TO O'CONNELL IN EN

The meeting held in Ennis on St. Patr Day for the purpose of erecting a Testimo to the memory of the great O'Connell w most successful affair and very numero attended. The High Sheriff of the Cou James O'Brien, Esq., was called on to side.

The Chairman addressed the meetin an eloquent speech.

The Rev. Mr. Newport, one of the sec ries, read letters of apology from gentle who were unable to attend the mee Amongst them were letters from Right Dr. Vaughan, the Right Rev. Dr. L the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Lord Francis nyngham, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Dav Wilson, Esq., &c.

Mr. Francis M'Namara Calcutt, M said—Mr. Sheriff and men of Clare, extremely proud that I have been call to propose a resolution. I do not think there is an Irish Catholic worthy of hi who does not feel that this resolution to pass, or who does not in his heart it, for, until the victory was won the Catholic people were very little better serfs in the land of their birth. It c fail to be in the recollection of many here that the Irish Catholics were l upon as a class of inferior beings. O'C gave up his profession to advocate the of his co-religionists and countrymen, struggled successfully in carrying ou great measure of Emancipation, and it be a piece of the blackest ingratitude man whose whole life was a sacrifice to cause, by neglecting to raise a monum his memory, and so transmit to poste memorial which would point out the va vices of the man, and their gratitude.

The Rev. Mr. Vaughan, in speakin resolution, said—In this expression of to the trades and working classes, a acknowledgment of the power of the pe warmly concur. The trades, from the sification and intelligence, are a power ment in the cause of progressive advanc The wisest projects of the statesman, th est discoveries in science, would be fr had we not the strong arms and rough of the mechanic and laborer to give the tical development. From the conscious the importance of the people as a p element in the social fabric, we find every country where enlightenmen honest government prevail, the gres vailing maxim to be "the greatest gooc greatest number." And it is only wh wise maxim is lost sight of—when ki come tyrants, and parliaments corrup the people arise in their might, and hurricane of their fury destroy bot what occurred almost in our own America. That country was under t heel of England when Franklin (a j man printer and the prototype of Considine here) came from America their grievances before parliament House of Commons ordered the state be kicked out. Franklin went back, the American people into open res They took up arms and didn't lay the till they achieved their independen the American eagle made the lion of bite the dust. And what is America The most powerful, Democratic ment in the world—with a great great commerce—a free and happy and no National Debt. And is it home of your banished count Had America not been gover the people, but by a heartless o such as you have in England, do you that six or eight millions of your b kindred would be cherished there, abled, by their industrial enterprise those munificent remittances th many of you during the years of fa any one, therefore, is so stultified understand the power, and greatn glory of democracy, let him look to See what the people done in Belgiu drove out the robber Dutchman an tuted a national government. Nor shake off their allegiance to the

rch. The Belgians are the most religious
le in Europe. The people of France, in
chased a usurper and tyrant, and select-
his stead one of the ablest statesmen in
pe. Napoleon III. is obliged from ne-
ty to rule with an iron rod socialists
infidels; but he governs for the people,
f he did not he would not govern France
month. In no country is "the greatest
of the greatest number" better under-
l. You may, as I did myself last autumn,
l hundreds of miles in France, and you
d not see a naked foot, a ragged back,
empty stomach. As in America, Bel-
, and France, the people triumphed in
nd, but their triumphs were imperfect.
the weakness and treachery of many
e popular leaders, and the overruling
r of England, the popular movements in
nd rarely ever acquired stability. With
xception of Emancipation the people
othing worth fighting for. And who
mancipation? Daniel O'Connell, at
ead of the people. The people alone
naided achieved the victory. Some
e, and amongst the rest some few eccle-
s, have a horror of democracy, and
prefer seeing the people pining in sla-
and steeped in poverty, than see them
otion. The Irish people are essentially
ious and a moral people, and no one
t the imbecile and hollow-hearted
form such dishonest conclusions. Ire-
nvariably, during the short glimpse of
riumphant ascendancy, as in the long
of her degredation and poverty, was
aithful to the See of St. Peter and the
h. Did not the greatest tribune of
n times—Daniel O'Connell—Ireland
emocracy personified—will his heart
sent to Rome? And did not one of the
, Paul the Fifth, send a plume blessed
himself, and £20,000 to the great Earl of
e, who was fighting in the cause of the
us people of Ireland. Religion and
, thank God, are not incompatible,
ver shall be in Ireland. If the peo-
erefore, have grievances, as they have
why should they lie down like con-
slaves and not rise up to redress
Do you imagine that if you don't
your power felt, the heartless oligarchy
the political fortunes of this kingdom
ver consider your rights? Did not
abecile aristocracy, for whose benefit
vernment seems to exist, let two mil-
f people starve in Ireland? Oh! tell
in Gath! The government consigned
illions to famine graves. The govern-
that could and did not feed and
he people, are guilty of the destruc-
of the people. I believe, as firmly
do in Povidence, that the blood
at murdered people will cry to
n against England louder than the
of Abel. Did you ever know a mur-
persisting in his career of crime to es-
the end? And do you believe the
h government, accountable for the
of those two millions of God's creatures,
cape the chastisement of Heaven. The
, thank God, are not yet destroyed.
he people, are still rooted in the land
forefathers, and can no more be extir-
han the Shamrock you wear to-day.
e people, can redress your own wrongs.
collect, as long as you send to parlia-
airecling public servants, you will get
g from your governors but kicks. At
eat National Conference of '52, assem-
Dublin, where we had fifty members
iament, where the Presbyterian minis-
the North grasped the hand of the
ic priest of the South, they swore be-
d and their country they would oppose
government that would not make the
Right question a government mea-
On that occasion I fondly hoped the
Ireland's resurrection had come; but
es, and the hopes of the country, were
y disappointed. * * * * * *
meeting was subsequently addressed
Rev. Mr. Quaid, P.P., Mr. Wm. But-
nahow, Rev. Mr. Corbett, &c., and a
um was subscribed.

THE HILL OF TARA.

[*From the Metropolitan for April.*]

, so celebrated in the early annals of
d, was for ages the chief residence of
narchs of the country—the centre
hich their laws were promulgated;
ort of the great and the learned, poets
nids. We are told that it became the
ce of her kings on the first establish-
f the monarchy, under Slanige, long
the Christian era, and so continued
he century after the conversion of the
to Christianity by the preaching of
rick.
ncient magnificence has been the
of admiration on the part of the Philo-
n, while its very existence has been
in question by some of the modern
. Though there is at present little
attract the eye than a succession of
overed mounds, still upon a close ex-
ion there is sufficient to attest the fact that it contains the mouldered ruins of former grandeur and magnificence. The most singular of its ancient monuments, which still exists comparatively uninjured by time, is the "Lia Fail," the celebrated stone pillar on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned. It is composed of granular limestone, and is at present about six feet above the ground, and its base is several feet below the surface. At its base it is perhaps four feet in circumference; but it tapers somewhat towards the top, not unlike the "Round Towers." In the graveyard, near the summit of the hill, which is said to occupy the site of a once famous pagan temple, are some remarkable relics of antiquity. Among others is the famous "Cross," which points out the spot where, in the fifth century, Benen, the disciple of St. Patrick, escaped uninjured from the flames, and where stood the house in which Lucad, the druid of King Laogaire, was burned. This alludes to the legend, which is still told in the neighborhood, of the proposition made by the king to the saint, to confine Benen and Lucad in a house to which fire was to be set, and if the disciple was spared and the druid consumed, the king would embrace Christianity. This was accordingly done, and when the flames subsided, to the astonishment of the multitude, Benen came forth uninjured, while the druid perished in the devouring element.

Whether we reject the accounts of historians as fabulous, or accept them as poetic exaggerations, it is impossible to consider the "Hill of Tara" in any other light than that of a place in which multitudes formerly dwelt. Of this there is abundant evidence apart from all doubtful authority; not only in the valuable ornaments of gold which have been from time to time dug up in the vicinity, a few of which have been deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in the ancient names of several neighboring localities, and in the various roads which now lead to the hill, of which distinct traces remain; but the character and appearance of the place remove all doubt of its having been the work of human hands, and not the production of nature.

Some of the bardic accounts of this famous locality are exceedingly interesting. Fite, the bard, who lived in the first century, informs us that Ollamh Foldhla, the twenty-first monarch, erected at Tara the *Mur Ollamham*, or "college of sages," and also instituted the celebrated *Feis* of Tara, which was an assembly of all the states of Ireland, and met every three years. An ancient manuscript, preserved in the library of Trinity College contains the following curious description of the Hall of Tara, in the reign of Cormac Ulfada in the third century:

"The palace of Tamar is nine thousand square feet; the diameter of the surrounding *rath*, seven casts of a dart; it contains one hundred and fifty apartments and the same number of dormitories. There were one hundred and fifty drinking-horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests sat daily at table, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, moulders, &c."

The manuscript goes on to state that the hall had twelve divisions on each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, eight for the astrologers, historians and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the doors; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs were served at each meal. In the convention of Tara, the supreme monarch occupied an elevated throne in the centre of the hall; the subordinate kings occupied seats on his right and left; the druids, bards, philosophers and musicians, were also entitled to seats in this assembly. The session was opened by the chief bard delivering an ode, accompanied by music; the druidic rites followed, and these being completed, the fire of Saman was lighted, and the business of the convention was commenced. It was before this august assembly that St. Patrick announced the sacred truths of Christianity; it was from Tara, as a centre, that the light of the Gospel spread through every part of Ireland.

Tara retained its splendor and magnificence down to the year 565, when it was still the seat of royalty. At this period, we are informed by the ancient chroniclers that it was cursed by St, Rudhan, who prayed that no king or queen should ever reign in Tara, that its court and palaces should crumble to the dust. However this may be, it is certain that the grandeur of Tara is faded from the earth, and its glory dwells only in song. When the traveller visits this once famous spot, he finds scarcely a vestige to recall the reminiscence of its former greatness. Its "chiefs and ladies bright" no longer fill its halls; its bards have vanished; its music is no longer heard—all is silent.

The "Hill of Tara,"—alas! for the degradation of the age,—is now generally known as "Croppy Hill," from the fact that during the memorable period of '98, a large number of the "patriot few" who struggled for the restoration of the lost liberties of Ireland, were slaughtered and buried in the most elevated of its mounds. After the strife had subsided, the friends of the victims assembled and removed the famous stone pillar of which we have already spoken, from its former site, and placed it as a sepulchral monument over the spot where the martyred patriots are interred.

HORSE TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.

The feats of horse taming performed latterly by Sullivan, or, as he is more familiarly known, "The Whisperer," threatens to throw Rarey's performances completely into the shade. In our last we gave the details of a taming operation performed by him on a young and highly-spirited mare belonging to a gentleman residing in the town of Mallow, county of Cork; this week we record the details of a similar feat, performed by him in the city of Cork:

On Friday week, the Irish horse tam r or "Whisperer," exhibited his extraordinary powers in the taming of an extremely vicious animal in the establishment of Mr. Olden, Veterinary Surgeon, Winthorp street. It was stated by mistake in Wednesday's *Examiner* that Mr. Rarey, the American horse tamer, was to visit Cork and exhibit there, Mr. Sullivan being the party whom we should have mentioned as being about to do so. It was expected that he would have been in by the eleven o'clock train on Friday morning, but he did not come until three o'clock, so that most of them who had assembled to witness the experiment had gone away, but as soon as it became known that he had arrived at three o'clock, a large crowd assembled in Mr. Olden's yard, among whom were a good many country gentlemen. The horse selected is the property of Mr. T. W. Knolles, of Oatlands, and is about six years old. In consequence of its viscious and ungovernable disposition, its hind feet had never been shod, and so unmanageable was it that it was quite useless for ordinary purposes, and was being fattened up for the kennel. When about being removed from Oatlands, it gave the grooms a good four hours' hunt before he could be caught. Mr. Sullivan shut himself up in the stable alone with it, and remained there for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the parties in the yard were admitted, when they found the animal, which had been so wild and unmanageable less than half an hour before, lying quietly on the stable floor and Mr. Sullivan's head between its hind legs. It was now perfectly tame and docile, and the grooms who had before approached it only with the utmost caution, found it so gentle as to be managed with the greatest ease. Several gentlemen present also tried the animal and found that the essay of Mr. Sullivan's powers had been perfectly successful. Mr. Olden himself was not present at the time, but he had witnessed on a former occasion the astonishing effects of the "whisper," and on examining the horse immediately after found the circulation of the blood slightly quickened, but the effect on the pulse was hardly perceptible. Mr. Sullivan is the grandson of the original Irish "Whisperer," and there seems to be little doubt that the secret he possesses is the same as that in possession of Mr. Rarey, and derived originally from the same source, though the American has contrived to gain more distinguished notice, and seems likely to derive much greater profit from it.—*Cork Examiner.*

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

THE MISSION OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.—The Lazarist Fathers of St. Louis, Mo., have been giving a mission in St. Patrick's Church, lately. At these exercises might be seen hundreds of penitents, from various parts of the city, many of whom have not been in a church for years. The writer of this knows many who have not attended their religious duties for five, ten, fifteen and twenty years, and who are now determined "to put on sackcloth and ashes" for the remainder of their lives. Among the things condemned by the missionaries were novel reading, tea and kissing parties, soirees and balls. This is bad news for some of our *bon tons*, however, it cannot be helped. The stylish young ladies, and the fast young men, came in for their share of the censure; the former for spending so much of their lives before the mirror, and the latter for occupying their time in the gambling houses, &c. Every evening during the mission, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul occupied seats inside the sanctuary, and the members were often complimented by the fathers for their zeal in behalf of the destitute, and for bringing so many unfortunate people to the instructions.—*Chicago Times.*

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.—Brother Stephen Castello, a professed Religious of the Third Order of St. Francis, died at the Monastery, Loretto, on Tuesday, 30th ult. The deceased was a native of Mexico, and was brought to the United States when a boy, by one of the Cambria volunteers, on their return from the Mexican campaign. He was remarkable for his great simplicity, and was never observed to show more, in his countenance, than a quiet smile on recognizing an old friend, or at the usual recreations of the Community. It was not from dulness but from unaffected, genuine simplicity and solid piety, that he obtained so great a command over himself. He died, according to the opinion of his Confessor, in the odor of sanctity, rendering up his pure soul into the hands of his Maker, without a struggle. *Requiescat in pace.—Pittsburgh Catholic.*

The devotions of Holy Week were this year observed in the churches of the city, with more than usual solemnity. All the churches were crowded to excess, at all the functions, by eager and pious worshippers. At the new Cathedral Chapel the students of the Theological Seminary, conforming to the wish of the Bishop of the diocese, sang the entire offices in plain Gregorian chant, in the most satisfactory manner. A more ample sanctuary, and a larger church—when shall we get them? Let us all work, and work hard, for the completion of our glorious Cathedral. And then, with the *corps* of Theological Students and the clergy of SS. Peter and Paul's, our good Bishops will have the consolation of seeing the ceremonies performed so as to console and edify all Christians. —*Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.*

Two Jesuit Fathers, assisted by two Dominican Fathers and several secular Priests, have devoted Holy Week and the week after Easter, to a spiritual retreat for the Catholics of Dubuque, Iowa. The Retreat is conducted by Rev. Father Damon, S. J. It is the first Retreat of the kind ever given in Dubuque, and the immense crowds that receive the Holy Sacraments, and that flock to the Sanctuary from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night, exceed anything that the most sanguine could anticipate.

The Rev. Alexander McSween, from Nova Scotia, has been deputed by his Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McKinon, of Auchat, to solicit the contributions of the faithful towards the erection of a church on the straits of Canso, Nova Scotia; having obtained the sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, to collect in the Archdiocese, will feel grateful for any contribution, however small, for the above purpose. —*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

On the 6th inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Chapel of the Visitation Convent, Park street, to ten pupils of the Academy.—*Ibid.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th ult., at the Church of Manorhamilton, Adam Algeo, to Miss Ann Brittain, daughter of Francis Brittain, Esq., merchant, both of Manorhamilton.

At St. Mary's, Donnybrook, James Guest Esq., of Sprink park, Shinrone, to Jane, daughter of John Rotheram, Esq., of Killeigh, King's County.

January 6, in Collingwood, Australia, William C. James, Esq., son of the late C. James, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Danville, in the county Kilkenny, to Letitia, daughter of the late Henry Atkinson, Esq., of Ballybrough House, in the county of Armagh.

On the 11th ult., in Cork, Thomas R. Lane, Esq., Captain in the 2d Lancashire Rifles, to Anne, only child of the late William Barry, Esq., M. D.

December 18, at St. John's Church, Melbourne, William Andrew, son of the late Captain MacIntyre, of Ballyshannon, to Rebe L'titia, daughter of the late Samuel A. Rothwell, Esq., of Newtown, co. Meath.

At Cork, by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, John Copinger, Esq., M.D., to Mary Frances, daughter of the late Edmond Barry, Esq.

At Ballykelly, Joseph Douglas, Esq., of Derrybeg, Newtownlimavady, to Maria, daughter of the late James Turnbull, Esq., of Walworth, Ballykelly.

In Drumachose, Dr. John William Lane, Ballaghy, county Derry, to Matilda Anne, daughter of Dr. Wm. Lane, Newtownlimavady.

DEATHS.

At Monkstown, Cork, Mrs. Babington, sister of S. Lawson, Inspector of Police, Sligo.

On the 19th ult., Mrs. Eliza Behan, of Wexford street, Dublin, in her 61st year.

At Nore Mount, county Kilkenny, in the 81st year of her age, Emily, relict of Benjamin Bunbury, Esq., of Kilkenny.

In Belfast, Wm. Catrneross, Esq.

At Leinster Lodge, Maynooth, Mary Teresa, relict of Thomas Chamberlain, Esq.

Abraham, only son of Abraham Colles, Esq., Ballyfallon, county Meath.

At 4 Merrion square, Dublin, Joanna Mary, youngest daughter of Dr. Corrigan.

At Batterstown, county Meath, Mr. Thomas Cowley, P.L.G.

At Durss House, county Galway, Madame De Basterot, in her 79th year.

At Cappoquin, county Waterford, Julia Adelaide, wife of E. F. Drew, Esq., M.D.

At Carrickmines, co. Dublin, Mr. Charles Ducat.

Mr. Patrick English, of Fownes's street, Dublin, sincerely regretted.

On the 19th ult., in her 91st year, Anne Foley, Uske, county Kildare.

At Cein Coch, Anglesea, Mr. Owen Hughes, of Dublin, druggist.

At Kingstown, Frances, relict of Wm. Johnston, Esq.

At Mount Jerome, Harold's Cross, Charles Edward, eldest son of C. B. Johnston, Esq.

In Main street, North, Wexford, John, eldest son of Mr. Francis Kavanagh.

At Camnaugh, county Derry, after a few days' illness, Michael Kirlin, jun., much lamented.

In Cullentragh, Samuel Macgowan, Esq., M. D., formerly of Warrenpoint.

In Wexford, Mrs. Malone, at the venerable age of 89.

At Silver hill, near Roscrea, the Rev. Thos. Meade. Deceased, who had been a student in the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth, had only just commenced his college course and been ordained.

At Cloneen, county Tipperary, Henry C. Meagher, Esq., in his 47th year.

At Leicester square, Rathmines, Jane, relict of Daniel Moran, Esq., of Ballina, county Mayo.

On the 15th ult., James Walter O'Hea, Esq., solicitor, late of Cloyne, county Cork.

At Maguire's bridge, in her 90th year, Catherine, relict of Mr. James Palmer.

At 103 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, Julia, relict of James Skerrett, Esq., of Eyrecourt, county Galway.

In Omagh, aged 76, Anne, relict of Dr Jas. Sproule.

At Killaloe, Mrs. Eliza Taylor, relict of Capt. John Taylor, of Limerick.

At his residence, St. Catherine's Park, county Kildare, John Trench, Esq.

In Ellen street, Limerick, Michael Tuohy, Esq., surgeon.

At his residence, in George street, Limerick, John Wilson Vokes, Esq.

At Mount Shannon, county Galway, Mrs. John Watson, daughter of the late Captain Eyre Power, of the city of Limerick Militia.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE PRESS IN ANCIENT ROME.—Under this somewhat paradoxical heading, the *Ausland*, one of the most prominent periodicals of Germany, publishes some notices which throw quite an unexpected light on several peculiar features of Roman life hitherto not sufficiently pointed out by the most sagacious writers on Roman antiquity. The matter is interesting enough, showing as it does that only as late as in the nineteenth century modern civilization has, by the aid of steam and electricity, distanced in no great degree Roman civilization. The writer in the *Ausland* starts with the statement that in the time from Cicero up to Marcus Aurelius scarcely less has been written and read than in our days. For this great extent of knowledge he accounts by some peculiar domestic institutions of Rome, not to be met with in the later periods of European history. Certainly there was no copyright in Rome in the meaning of modern law, but copyright existed as a matter of fact. Drawing off a single copy of a book would have proved far more expensive to an individual than it did to the publisher carrying on his trade on a large scale. Hence the multiplying of manuscripts was not performed by transcribing singly, but by simultaneously dictating to a large number of copyists. These copyists were slaves, and their labor was so exceedingly cheap as to supercede in many respects the work of machines. In extensive publishing establishments there was often dictated to several hundred slaves at once. This circumstance may, at the same time, account for the very numerous mistakes in manuscripts of those times, which originated not so much in the similarity of grammatical forms, but of association. There is one other point to be considered. The kind of letters used in books were, as regards shortness and conciseness, equally proportioned to common current hand, as are the modern types to usual handwriting. Very numerous short hand abbreviations sought in the public schools were employed, by dint of which copyists by profession obtained almost an incredible degree of dispatch and celerity. Martial tells us that the second book of his epigrams, which numbers some 650 verses, did not cost more than about one hour to the copyist. Should it be supposed that there were simultaneously dictated to but 300 copyists, more than 1,500 copies of that book could have been easily obtained in one day, which proves to be more than the printing press could afford but a century ago. True, the rapidity of book-manufacturing was productive of great incorrectness, but slave labor being so exceedingly cheap, it grealy lowered the prices of literary productions. Martial's Xenia, which, if liberally printed, will fill two printsheets, and if compressedly printed, but one sheet, would then cost 25 cents. Of this Martial grievously complains; he thinks the bookseller could easily afford to sell the pamphlet at half this price, still doing a profitable business, and giving thereby his work a larger circulation. From some remarks of Martial, it may be gathered with certainty that authors received their regular fees from the publishers. Wealthy statesmen, like Cicero, did not, as in our time, come in for a remuneration of their literary lucubrations. Authors of fame were constantly bored for manuscripts. The passion for novelties was as buoyant as in modern time. This caused the bulk of literature to increase at a very rapid rate, and the satirists of the day were rich in commenting on the mania for writing and reading, and it is mentioned by them that the cheese-mongers were not the least among the customers of the publishers. The book stores and public libraries connected with reading rooms were the rallying points and rendezvous of the literati. From Publius Victorinus we learn that during the second and third century after Christ, there were in Rome, alone, twenty-nine public libraries, many of which, as to the number of books, equalled the celebrated Alexandrinian library, which is supposed to have contained 700,000 volumes. From this, the extent of literature and want for reading may be easily concluded. In the writings of the architect Vitruvius, we see it stated, that every Roman possessed of moderate means, had his separate library room in his house, and that a great many private libraries contained from twenty to thirty thousand volumes.

THE IRISH WOLF DOG.—So late as the year 1662, Sir John Ponsonby had to bring into Parliament a bill to encourage the killing of wolves. Their coverts were the bogs, the mountains, and those shrubby tracks then so abundant in the island, and which remained after the ancient woods were cut down; affording shelter, not only for the wolf, but the *rapparee*. The last wolf seen in Ireland was killed in Kerry in 1710. But if the country was once famous for *wolves*, it was equally noted for its peculiar enemy—and the Irish Wolf Dog, uniting all the speed of the greyhound with the strength of the mastiff, and depending on its eye, its foot, and its wind, would hunt down the game, which the *canis veltris*, or scent hound, had started for it. These Irish dogs were exhibited in the fourth century, at the Circensian games at Rome; they were an article of export in the middle age; they are mentioned in the Welsh laws of Howel Dha, as belonging exclusively to the Cambrian princes and nobility; and a great fine is noted to be imposed on those who should injure them. They were employed to hunt the red deer, and the moose deer, as well as the wolf; but the employment being gone the breed, though not extinct, has ceased to be common; it is rarely to be seen.

THE FORMATION OF DEW.—During summer, when the weather is sultry, and the sky assumes that beautiful blue tinge so entirely its own, dew is formed in the greatest abundance, owing to the phenomena which are requisite for its deposition being then the most favorably combined. It was long supposed by naturalists that this precipitation depended on the cooling of the atmosphere towards evening, when the solar rays begin to decline; but it was not properly understood until M. Prevost published his theory of the radiation of caloric (which has since been generally adopted), which was as follow: "That all bodies radiate caloric constantly, whether the objects that surround them be of the same temperature of themselves or not." According to this view, temperature of a body fails whenever it radiates more caloric than it absorbs, and rises whenever it receives more than it radiates; which law serves to produce an equality of temperature. Such is exactly the case as regards the earth; during the day it receives a supply of heat from the sun's rays, and as it is an excellent radiator of caloric, as soon as the shades of evening begin to fall, the earth imparts a portion of its caloric to the air, and the atmosphere having no means of imparting its caloric in turn, except by contact with the earth's surface, the stratum nearest the earth becomes cooled, and consequently loses the property of holding so much moisture in the state of vapor, which becomes deposited in small globular drops. The stratum of air in immediate contact with the earth having thus precipitated its moisture, becomes specifically lighter than that immediately above it, which consequently rushes down and supplies its place; and in this manner the process is carried on until some physical cause puts a stop to it either partly or wholly. It is well known that dew is deposited sparingly, or not at all, in cloudy weather, the clouds preventing free radiation which is so essential for its formation, that good radiators as glass, leaves of plants, and filamentuous substances in general, reduce their temperature in favorable states of the weather to an extent of ten or fifteen degrees below the circumambient air; and whilst these substances are completely drenched with dew, others that are bad radiators, such as rocks, polished metal, sand, &c., are scarcely moistened. From the above remarks it will appear evident that dew is formed most abundantly in hot climates, and during summer in our own, which tends to renovate the vegetable kingdom by producing all the salubrious effects of rain without any of its injurious consequences, when all nature seems to languish under the scorching influence of a meridian sun. Hoarfrost is formed when the temperature becomes so low as 32 degrees Fahrenheit; the dew being then frozen on falling, sometimes assuming very fantastic forms on the boughs and leaves of trees, &c., which sparkle in the sunshine like so many gems of purest ray.

THE RIVER BOYNE IN CONNECTION WITH EARLY IRISH HISTORY—The plains of Midhe, and the flowery fields of Breghia, through which the Boyne flows, appear to have been the first cultivated in Ireland; and it is more than probable that one of the earliest waves of population which reached Ireland passed up the stream of this great river, and that the aborigines settled amidst the wooded hills and deep alluvial plains upon its banks, and have left their bones in the numerous barrows and tumuli still remaining upon its shores. Beyond all doubt, the earliest undoubted kings reigned upon its banks, where also the earliest laws were framed, the earliest poems sung, and the most profound druidical mysteries were celebrated. Soldiers and sages, bards and brehons, have commemorated many of its localities; the romance of Irish history is laid amidst the scenery of this river, and much of the imagery of our earliest poets was drawn from this fertile source. Christianity entered Ireland through this sacred stream; Patrick first landed at the Boyne's mouth, and raised the beacon of the cross at Slane; his first sermons were preached, and his first conversions took place

"Where in delightful streams,
The Boyne, the darling of the ocean flows."

Foreign invaders, the Dane and the Norseman, first entered the kingdom on its waters. The earliest abodes of learning and the most renowned schools of Christian philosophy which our annalists record, had their seats by its margin; parliaments and councils were held in its castles, and kingdoms were lost and won upon its banks.—*Wild's Boyne and Blackwater.*

CROCODILES.—After burying the eggs in the soil, to be there matured by the sun, the female visits, from time to time, the place in which they are secreted, and just as the period of hatching is completed, exhibits her eagerness for her offspring in the anxiety with which she comes and goes, walks around the nest of hopes, the fractured shell, and, by sounds which resemble the bark of a dog, excites the half-extricated young to struggle forth into life. When she has beheld, with this sort of joy, fear and anxiety, the last of her offspring quit its broken casement, she leads them forth into the splash pools, away from the river and among the thick underwood, to avoid the predatory visits of the father, whose palate delights in nothing more than in the flavor of his own young, which he eats remorselessly on every opportunity. In this season of care and watchfulness over them she is ferocious, daring and morose, guarding with inquietude her young, wherever they wander. She turns when they turn and by whining and grunting shows a particular solicitude to keep them in such pools only as are much too shallow for the resort of the full-grown reptile.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY—PREVENTION OF FIRE.—The French journals state that the Emperor and Empress lately went to Neuilly to witness some experiments, conducted by M. Carteron, the inventor of a process for rendering wood tissue of all sorts, theatrical decorations, &c., incombustible. The experiments are reported to have been entirely successful. Fire was applied to ladies' dresses of the most gauze-like materials, but they would not burn. An officer's tent, containing a bed with muslin curtains, resisted the application of numerous flaming torches. A cottage, half of which was secured by M. Carteron's preparation, and the other part filled with straw, was set on fire on the unprotected side; the flames raged with fury and consumed half the building, but the fire died away when it reached the prepared part, and left it altogether intact. A theatre with all its scenery, ropes and decorations, was attempted to be burned in vain. Their Majesties, who remained upward of an hour, expressed great satisfaction at what they had witnessed, and the Emperor gave 500f. to the workmen employed.

A STRANGE LUNATIC.—Some commotion was caused in the garden of the Palais Royal, Paris, recently, by a young man, whose dress was in disorder, crying and gesticulating in a strange manner, and giving to the passers-by pieces of paper, saying, "Take and read. If you have faith you will find in letters of flame revelations of extraordinary things! And then you must act, for the fullness of time has come!" The papers, however, turned out to be blank. The man was arrested, and, on being taken before the commissary of police of the district, he fell on his knees, and, opening a Bible which he carried under his arm, he began singing a psalm. He was searched, and a small sum of money was found on him, but it was ascertained that he had distributed a larger sum. On inquiry it was found that he was a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum at Bicetre. He was sent back to that asylum. It has been since ascertained that the man became the dupe of some bible ranting parties who had filled his mind with horrible ideas of "revelations," "coming events," and such like nonsense.

TE DEUM FOR THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S PRESERVATION.—A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted on the 15th of February in the Church of the Convent of the Fathers of the Holy Land, in Jerusalem, to thank God for having preserved the life of the Emperor of the French on the 14th of January. Father Valerga, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, together with the foreign consuls and the entire Catholic population, assisted at this solemnity. The same day that the news reached Jerusalem a Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in the Church of the Holy Saviour, in presence of the entire community. The Prior ascended the pulpit after the Gospel, and demonstrated, in a pious appeal, the service which Providence had rendered to France and the Catholic world by preserving the life of the Emperor Napoleon, who is a most faithful and steadfast supporter of religion.

ROME, FEBRUARY 28TH.—Flatz's large picture of the "Finding the Child Jesus in the Temple" is progressing rapidly, though his weak state of health hinders his energetic labors. This is for a church in the north of England. Seitz is about a picture also for England. Szoldalier has just finished "Christ's Agony in the Garden" for Hungary, his native country. It is a splendid picture, well finished, and for sentiment and pathos cannot be equalled; the coloring is extremely rich and the contrast between the moonlight and the light appearing round the chalice wonderfully effective. In his studio may be seen his beautiful "Madonna Immaculate," which is just completed for the Collegio Pio in Rome.

NATURAL HIEROGLYPHICS.—Grand animals trod this globe in hundreds of thousands, for thousands of years, and left their skeletons behind; and the geologist uncovers their strange forms from the ice gravel of Russia, the mud of the Pampas, and gypsum of Montmartre, and learns to decipher their history, as Rawlinson interpreted the inscriptions of Babylon and Nineveh, not passage by passage and line by line, but letter by letter, bone by bone, tooth by tooth, and stratum by stratum, till the disinterred skeletons become living witnesses, and the bygone history of myriads of past ages stands forth revealed.—*Stones of the Valley.*

DOCTORS.—Montaigne, who is great upon doctors, used to beseech his friends that if he fell ill they would let him get a little stronger before sending for the doctor! Louis XIV., who was a slave to his physicians, asked his friend Moliere what he did for his doctor. "Oh, sire," said he, "when I am ill, I send for him. He comes, we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves. He prescribes. I don't take it—and I am cured!"

SHORT STORIES.—Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr. ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco short."

CANDOR AND COURTESY.—When Mrs. Porter was about to marry Dr. Johnson, she told him, with the greatest frankness, that she had once an uncle who was hanged. The doctor, with equal candor and courtesy, replied that it was perfectly immaterial to him; for, though he had no uncle hanged, many of his relatives *deserved hanging.*

BEWARE OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—A Ger paper relates the following: "Two men, en ing a tavern in Cambrin (France) recen ordered some coffee, and after drinking the cup, both dropped down dead. The landl fetched the police; they talked of poison 'How is it possible?' exclaimed the landla 'they only drank one cup of coffee, and that c not have hurt them.' Thus saying, to prove harmlessness of it, she herself drank a Hardly having partaken of this, she drop down dead too. On examining the coffee they found a packet of lucifer matches at bottom of it."

THE ENGLISH DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—In year 1856 no fewer than 2,400,000 letters sent to the Dead Letter Office in London. these upwards of 1,500,000 were returned the writers; 435,000 were destroyed; 18 were returned unopened to foreign countr and 189,000 were reissued to corrected dresses. No less than £670,000 in mo checks, jewelry were contained in those directed letters. A quarter of a million ste still remains in the Dead Letter Office.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH CRESCE When Philip of Macedon approached by n with his troops to scale the walls of Byzanti the moon shone out and discovered his de to the besieged, who repulsed him. The cent was afterwards adopted as the fav badge of the city. When the Turks took zantium, they found the crescent in every lic place, and, believing it to possess magical power, adopted it themselves.

THE COMING SUMMER.—It is said that Earl of Rosse, one of the first astrono in Europe, has told a gentleman in Eng that he anticipates one of the most intensely summers this year that has ever been kn and he advises farmers to build sheds for cattle, by way of protection against the ext heat.

Lamartine finds himself at last forced t his hereditary and acquired landed pro at Macon, in order to save from grave los friends by whose aid alone he has for years last past been able nominally to ho It is certainly high testimony to the wor the man that, on the announcement of determination, his townsmen and some friends and admirers, more than four hu persons in all, have proposed to him to the charge of the sale, and so arrange it produce for him the greatest possible b beyond a sale conducted in the ordinary ner. It is proposed to put the estate in lot

Some German papers have been endeav to prove that the distance between the and the sun is increasing annually, arguing it that the increasing humidity of some mers, and the loss of fertility by the earth, be attributed to this circumstance. course of six thousand years from this they absurdly assume, the distance will great that only an eighth part of the warm now enjoy from the heat of the sun w communicated to the earth, and it will th covered with eternal ice!

As explosive ingenuity is now the or the day, the French gunmaker, Devisme just exhibited a most destructive missile to be used in the whale fishery, and in a on the elephant or rhinoceros. The cha the gun is only twelve grammes of fulmi material, but the charge, after penetrati carcase, has the effect of a miniature vo and 120 grammes of most destructive dients create a yawning chasm, annihilati recipient.

It is announced that, under the auspi the Belgian Government, a congress is held at Brussels, in September next, purpose of discussing the laws of litera artistic copyright; thus, the city whic formerly looked upon as the stronghold rary piracy is the first to take the lea attempt at a general discussion about right upon broad and general principle narrowed by local interests or prejudices

Messrs. Blackwood announces for diate publication, in Twopenny Number lection of Tales from Blackwood, each to be complete in itself, and to be print bold type, so as to be easily read in a r and in such a form that it can be read without injury carried off in the pocke read.

The *Univers* says that the number of c to Catholicity in England within the l years includes three duchesses, one ma ess, two countesses, eight right honorable ten baronets, two archdeacons, eighty-f gymen, and two hundred and seventy-t tinguished members of the aristocracy.

A curious and interesting volume has ly appeared at Berlin. It is the first e the annals, or rather of the fragment annals, of an early Roman historian, Licinianus, who appears to have flouris fore Livy and after Sallust.

John Reeve was once accosted by a m a bottle of gin in his hand: "Pray, si the way to the poor house?" John ga look of clerical dignity, and pointing to tle, very gravely said: "No, sir; but y

"My brethren," said Swift, in a "there are three sorts of pride—of riches, and of talents. I shall not now the latter, none of you being liable to t of vice."

In the committee of the Factory Bi ness from Dundee was asked: "When girls marry?" He replied, "Whenever meet with a husband."

HOME MISCELLANY.

An Indian Wedding.—The Nebraska City *News* of a recent date contains a long account of the marriage of a Pawnee Chief to a blood royal squaw of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-mush-pe-shinga. We extract the following: "The chieftain's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt with deep blue calico border, a checked apron, a summer killed buffalo robe and a white felt hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From either auricular suspended bright ornaments of brass, tin and copper. We must not omit to mention that Miss Wah-mush-pe-shinga also wore a 'red petticoat,' embroidered according to a design of her own, with porcupine quills, representing a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost less than six thousand dollars in Fontenelle money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight-collared soldier coat with brass buttons, and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs. Altogether the appearance of both the bride and the groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life. The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge. It consisted of young dog meat, very tender, blue corn and old dog meat, beaver tails and mule steak, fresh fish, and sugar, making, altogether, one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds that ever graced a royal camp kettle. As for drinks, corn whisky made of red pepper, and rain water, together with molasses-sweetened coffee, made up the list. Among the distinguished persons present, we did not fail to notice the six Mesdames Petanasharo, the wives of the eminent 'Injin' who is now at Washington, visiting James Buchanan on official business. Also, Mr. Whitecow, of the Omaha principality, Mr. Big Soldier, Esquire Wildcat and the Hon. Short-tailed Elk."

An Active Woman.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Portsmouth, N. H., gives the following account of a woman of remarkable energy, who flourishes near that city: "The most active manufacturer in this part of the world, certainly, is a woman. She is a weaver of hosiery, and lives a few miles from the compact part of the city. She has supported through the past winter five male weavers, with dependent families, and has supplied with produce from a little farm which she carries on, scores of families, who, by reason of depression in manufacturing business, have had no money with which to purchase the necessaries of life. On cold mornings, as early as four o'clock, she starts in her wagon and drives to Newburyport with a stock of goods which she there disposes of, and returns with cotton yarns for her own weaving. This woman, the mother of 14 children, one of which is a babe, buys all the supplies of the families who work for her, and conveys them in her team to their residences, makes all her own sales, keeps her various accounts with customers and operatives —a labor of no small amount—buys up all the second-hand clothing in Portsmouth and resells it, besides attending to her domestic duties, while she displays an energy and prudence which large corporations might well observe."

Seneca Lake.—Among the multitude of lakes which beautify the central portion of the State of New York, none is more beautiful than the Seneca. It is about thirty-five miles long and from two to four miles in breadth. It has becomes more noted than some of the adjoining lakes, from the fact that its surface is never frozen even in the severest winters, and this fact becomes the more singular when we remember that its altitude is 450 feet above the waters of the Atlantic, and more than 200 above the surface of Lake Ontario. The waters of Crooked Lake enter Seneca about twelve miles from its northern extremity, and both find an outlet through the Seneca and Oswego River to Lake Ontario. In the course of their progress to the Lake many beautiful cascades and rapids are formed. These, however, are common throughout the entire lake region. The early inhabitants of this region have passed away, leaving nothing but vague reports of their customs and manners. A few of their legends, related to men yet living, exist to show how strange were many of their beliefs handed down from father to son, but of the origin of which they had no knowledge.—*Life Illustrated.*

How to Load a Gun.—To load a gun, you should put in charges consisting of equal bulks of powder and shot, till you come to a quantity with which the gun will not recoil, or but slightly. This will give you the proper quantity of shot. With this load, however, the gun will scatter in all directions. To correct this, reduce the quantity of powder until you find that the shot is carried as close as you desire. A gun loaded thus will never burst. To make it carry further use shot of a larger size. No gun should be fired more then *twenty times* without being wiped out. When in the field, it will be much safer to carry the piece *always at half-cock.*

To Cook Rice.—I prepare a dish which is preferred to the richest rice pudding, and which is certainly far more wholesome, according to the following simple recipe: Slowly simmer the rice in milk three or four hours, or till the grains burst and absorb the milk; add a little sugar, put the whole into a wide dish, and bake till slightly brown. Eat it with milk or butter. —*Cor. Country Gent.*

Salaries.—Senator Brandreth introduced a bill into the New York State Senate, which provides that there shall be allowed to the several officers of the government, and persons below mentioned, the following annual salaries: Deputy Secretary of State, and as Clerk to the Commissioners of the Land Office, $2,500; Deputy Comptroller, $2,500; Deputy State Treasurer, $2,500; Deputy Attorney-General, $2,500; Deputy State Engineer and Surveyor, $2,500; Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, $2,000. To the several officers below mentioned, annually, the following sums for clerk hire in their respective offices, and no more, in equal monthly instalments: Secretary of State, $9,000; Comptroller, $12,000; State Treasurer, $4,000; State Engineer and Surveyor, $3,000; Attorney-General, $2,000; Canal Commissioners, $3,000; Auditor of Canal Department, $8,000; Seperintendent of Public Instruction, $3,000.

The Old Gun and the Minnie Rifle.—I learn from the best authority, from the war department itself, that a growing disinclination exists towards the use in the army and navy of the Minnie rifle, and of the breech loading arms in general. The old fashioned single barrel, loaded in the old fashioned way, proves, after all, the most effective instrument in the hands of our soldiers and marines. Gradually the use of all others will be abandoned. Of course the best improvements in priming and in primers will be adopted. It is not likely that we shall ever return to the old flint lock, when we have the wafer primers so arranged that a musket may be fired fifty times with but a single charge of primers. This matter is now brought to such perfection that a common musket may be loaded and fired about as rapidly as a breech loading arm, and with much less danger of any disarrangement.—*Washington Letter.*

Infantile Reasoning.—The Editor of the *Knickerbocker* Magazine relates the following anecdote: "A classmate of mine, whom for convenience I will call Adams, was some years since chosen Governor of his native State. His eldest daughter, a very observing and thoughtful child, was then just two years and eight months old, but could talk distinctly, and, as my story proves, could reason remarkably well. She had heard the people who constantly called on her father, inquiring at the door if 'Governor Adams was in.' A few days after this, as she was sitting alone on the nursery floor, her mother overheard her in the following soliloquy, which, we think, can be put against any modern 'juvenile,' as evincing close observation, correct reasoning, and, withal, a due sense of personal dignity—'My papa is Governor Adams; my mamma is *Mrs.* Governor Adams; and I am *Miss* Governor Adams!'"

New Mode of Treating Hides.—A patent has been secured for a mode of unhairing and preparing hides for tanning, by the employment of fatty or greasy substances in combination with lime and soda, or other alkali—these materials being used for the purpose of unhairing the skins; the same are also employed, together with the usual materials containing tannic acid, such as oak bark, mimosa bark, terra japonica, cutch, sumac, &c., for the purpose of tanning. Warm water is used for making the solutions and extracts of these materials, and the skins are agitated while immersed in the liquid, either in cylinders with projections, or pegs on their inner surface, and kept rotating, or in open vessels or pits, or by manual labor. For the purpose of preparing the skin, oil or other fatty substance is added to a solution of lime and water.

How to Save Gas.—An observance of the following directions, by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, may save money to gas consumers, a matter worth looking after in these hard times: "The high pressure in the main pipes, if allowed to go unchecked to the burner valves, will consume a much larger quantity of gas than they otherwise would, even if it is regulated at the burner valves. The proper place to regulate is the main valve near the metre, which should be shut off until the burners are just right, with their valves open full. By this means all our burners will be unifrom, and the light will be as good with two-thirds of the main valve on, as it would turned on full. Look to your main valves every time the Collector goes to the metre. This information came from an experienced gas manufacturer after he had *sold out.*

A Promising Theologian.—A young and fresh convert, about to enter a theological seminary in the promising city of Boston, was present at a small party. In the course of the evening a discussion arose in regard to the orthodoxy of Pope's Essay on Man. After a while the young theological candidate was appealed to, to settle the question at issue. Knowing but one Pope, whom he regarded with holy horror as the Man of Sin, he at once put an end to all controversy by the assertion that, "the Pope might be a very fine writer, but he was the greatest tyrant that ever sat upon the throne."

Household Measures.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following may be useful: Wheat flour, one pound is one quart; Indian meal, one pound and two ounces is one quart; butter, when soft, one pound and one ounce is one quart; loaf sugar broken, one pound is one quart; white sugar powdered, one pound and one ounce is one quart; best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces is one quart; eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound; sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half-a-pint

Adventure of a Rat.—The New Bedford *Standard* says "Some time since a lady in this city, while dressing for church, thought that she felt something moving between her dress and skirt; but after shaking them paid no more attention to it until seated in her pew at church, when out fell a rat upon the floor, much to the consternation of several other ladies in the pew. It commenced running from one end of the pew to the other and at last was lost sight of—they presuming it had escaped into the aisle. The first-named lady, upon arriving home, was in the act of changing her dress for another, when, upon shaking it, out fell the rat, having made the trip to church and back in safety.

Awful Severity.—Newspaper publishers who do not conduct their business on the cash principle are compelled to resort to severe measures to compel delinquent subscribers to pay up. Various cruelties have been practiced by country publishers upon their tough customers, among which the "black list" has been considered the most effective, but the Providence *Journal* has hit upon the following plan. That paper threatens its non-paying patrons—it makes the cold chills run down into our boots as we write it—that the editor will write *more and longer articles upon the subject of bleeding Kansas!*—*Boston Herald.*

Mutual Appreciation.—At a hotel, a young and fully-moustached dandy, was seated at the tea-table, at rather a late hour, when a bar-keeper came in and took a seat opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back his chair, gazed at the bar-keeper, and exclaimed—"Fellah, do the servants sup with a gentleman in this house?" "No, sir, was the reply. "Are you not the bar-keeper?" "Yes, sir," "Well, a bar-keeper is a servant as much as the scrub girl." "True," replied the man, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw there was not a gentleman at the table."

Fruit.—The Louisville *Courier* says: "The peach buds near the city are generally killed, but throughout the State the peach crop promises abundantly. In that favored locality, Pewee valley, the prospect was never finer. Unless we are visited with late and severe frosts, this delicious fruit will be plenty and cheap next summer."

Negroes Holding Slaves.—The Louisiana Legislature has just passed a bill to prevent free negroes from holding slaves in that State. The practice must be quite common to require an act of the Legislature to prevent it.

Col. Benton is dying. His disease, cancer of the bowels, has made such progress that he cannot survive much longer. He suffers extreme pain, and is exhausted almost to the last degree of physical prostration. But his mind is as clear and as powerful as ever, and the high, resolute Roman spirit of the old statesman struggles with indomitable energy and fortitude against sickness and weakness and the awful presence of the king of terrors. He dies in harness, working to the last for his country and mankind. An old and intimate friend from Missouri called upon him recently. Benton was in bed, scarcely able to move hand or foot, and not able to speak much above a whisper. Bnt he was hard at work, closing up his Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, which he has brought down to 1850 to the passage of the Compromise measures. He was dictating the closing chapter of the work. His daughter, Mrs. Jones, sitting beside the bed, received it sentence by sentence, whispered in her ear, and repeated it aloud to her husband, who wrote it down. It was then read over to Col. Benton, and received his corrections, made with as much anxious particularity as if it were the maiden work of a young author.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is painful to read the offensive language in which some writers indulge, when speaking of the President; no epithet is too vile to apply to him, no motive too low to impute to him. Of his political career, it is not our business to speak; whatever the party to which he belongs our disposition is to give him credit for sincerity of purpose, for it is hard to believe that a man in his position, under the censorship not only of this country, but of the whole world, would be wilfully dishonest. We cannot, then, but pronounce the following squib, and many others of the same sort now in circulation, as utterly profane and mischievous. In an abortive attempt at a witty contrast between the Baptist and the President, the writer proceeds to say: "There is a slight difference between the two. John the Baptist was clothed with the hair of a camel and James Buchanan with the hair of an ass. John was in the wilderness, and Buchanan 'in the woods.' John's head was cut off, Buchanan's ought to be."—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

At Huron, C. W., recently, Mr. Michael Sullivan, hearing a noise in the cow-house, which is close to the dwelling, went out to ascertain the cause. When about a yard from the door, which was open, an animal, supposed by him at first to be a fox, sprang upon him, seized him by the collar of his dress, and knocked him down. With consternation he beheld that his assailant was a powerful wolf, but, nothing daunted, he grappled with the animal, regained his feet, and after a struggle of some minutes, during which he received several wounds on his face, neck, and leg, he managed to bring it to the ground. In the fight which ensued, the animal caught Mr. S. by the left hand, which he allowed to remain at its mercy, knowing that if he disengaged the hand some more vital part might be attacked. Mr. S. now called upon his wife to bring a knife, which she did, and shortly despatched the savage beast.

The travellers in China, though many and learned, have heretofore given one but little idea as to the condition of that which is one of the main estates of the realm, wherever it exists; we mean the newspaper Press. The latest discoveries in that quarter partially supply the knowledge which was wanted. It is found that at Pekin, the imperial capital of the Light of the Universe, the wisdom of China has admirably contrived a method for checking the abuses of the Press; if an editor publishes a falsehood there, by way of guarding against ever doing the like again, he is instantly seized and decapitated. If such a law were adopted in the United States, we hardly think that any editor there would live twenty-four hours, except those who publish weekly journals; not one of whom would live above seven days.

A farm of 700 acres of great variety of soil, well wooded and watered, has been purchased in the town of Ovid, Seneca County, on the eastern slope of Seneca Lake, on which the State Agricultural College Buildings are to be erected. There is every reason to hope that during the present year the central building and south wing will be completed and in readiness to receive, next spring, those who may desire to acquire a sound, practical agricultural education and training.

There is a little stream that empties into the Shasta Valley, California, about twenty miles west of the great butte, which possesses the singular property of incrusting everything which falls into its waters with a complete coat of stone. Flowers, leaves, grass, pine buds, and things of that sort, will become completely enamelled in the course of a week or so, retaining in the process their natural form.

Henry A. Wise sent to the Irishmen's St. Patrick dinner at Washington, a letter concluding—I give you John Philpot Curran, the advocate in 1798: "He was upright when honor was rebellion; he was true when integrity was treason; he stood by the accused and the doomed, when to pity was to participate; and he was loyal to liberty, when even to name her was almost to die."

They are publishing in France a posthumous novel of Eugene Sue. Alas! We had hoped that when the wretch was dead, he would write no more. Could he find a publisher down below, it strikes us that his books would be like to have a still greater run there than they ever had upon earth. They would be just the literature for Pluto, Prosepine and the Furies. —*St Louis Leader.*

The Victoria, Texas, *Advocate* says that an agent of a Mexican cotton factory is purchasing cotton in that place, to be sent to Mexico. He has already shipped one hundred and fifty bales to Corpus Christi from Victoria, whence it is to be taken to Monterey. The San Augustine Texean is informed that the banks of the river, from that place to the mouth of the river, are covered with cotton waiting shipment.

There have been several stories in the papers of late relative to people losing their hair suddenly and most unaccountably. Some persons suggest that it is owing to eating onions. It is said that some years ago, a man who lived in Rhode Island had a horse who ate two bushels of that vegetable one night, and soon afterwards all the hair fell from his hide!

The Quincy *Whig* says: "We hear the most flattering accounts from all sections of the country of the growing wheat crop. It never looked better, or promised a more abundant yield. If no outward circumstance occurs to injure the wheat before harvest, the fall will find us in the enjoyment of a degree of prosperity never before known in the West."

The following is the religious and national constitution of the present Canadian House of Assembly: There are 53 Roman Catholics; 26 Presbyterians; 34 Episcopalians; 10 Methodists; 3 Quakers; and 25 natives of Upper Canada; 40 natives of Lower Canada; 10 Englishmen; 16 Irishmen; 23 Scotchmen; and 3 Americans.

The old Church standing on Church Hill, Richmond, Va., where Patrick Henry is said to have delivered his famous speech containing the words, "give me liberty, or give me death," is still visited as an object of veneration. It was the place where the first House of Burgesses of Virginia met, and is still in good preservation.

The amount to be received by the city of Baltimore from the McDonough estate, is $600,000; of which a part is already in the hands of the Commissioners. Mayor Swan, of Baltimore, recommends to the City Council that the money be used to establish an institution for the maintenance and education of poor boys.

Look out for spurious bills on the Wolfborough Bank, Wolfborough, N. H., as there is no such bank in existence, and has not been for many years.

Upon the marriage of a Miss *Wheat* of Virginia, an editor hoped her path might be *flowery*, and that she might never be *thrashed* by her husband.

A small house can be more easily kept clean than a palace. Economy is most needed in the absence of abundance.

Taste is as well displayed in placing the dishes on a pine table, as in arranging the folds of a damask curtain.

Lucy Stone Blackwell is afflicted with pleurisy.

When wise men fall out, then rogues come by what is not their own.

A horse tamer named Reynolds is operating at Middletown, Conn.

The number of dwelling-houses in Boston is 15,584.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent asks "Is it true that the Catholics of Canada are trying to *suppress* the Orange Lodges?" Of course not. They are merely engaged in petitioning against the *Corporation* of the Orange Lodges under an Act of Parliament whereby they might attain, in spite of their nature, a *quasi*-legal existence.

Persons in the country are constantly addressing us inquiries about the Gift Enterprises of this city, "Coffee Speculations," &c., &c. We have one answer for all. A man who attempts to gain by chances of these kinds is as great a cheat at heart as he who reaps the profits of that man's foolishness.

Correspondents are requested to send in their communications by Saturday of each week, in order to insure their insertion the week following.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, '58.

A MASQUERADE.

MR. ULMANN, the Manager of the Academy of Music, not content with palming Mussard, Jr., as Mussard, Sr., wishes to pass from an assault on the credulity, to one on the morality of the public, and advertises a *Bal Masque* in which the bogus Mussard is to fill a prominent part. We take no objection to Mr. Ulmann's application of that gentleman within certain limits; but we submit that a particular Statute, entitled "An Act to Prevent Masquerades," explicitly excludes the holding of Masked Balls from the legitimate employments of a musical artist, and that such amusements are among the last which any person ought to select for the edification of the community?

In European countries maquerades have become synonyms for scenes of disorder and licentiousness. Even in France, which has the title of "a nation of gentlemen," the restraints of etiquette are forgotten in the tumult of the dance, and no woman's modesty is safe behind her entrenchment of glazed satin. What, then, may be hoped for in this country, where manners are at a lower ebb, and where slighter evidence than that furnished by joining in a masquerade subjects the other sex to improper approaches.

Granting that no decent men or women will join in the Masquerade at the Academy, the arguments against it are strengthened by the fact. Good example will be wanting. Bad will be increased in proportion. What *might* pass off with the least possible amount of evil in the one case, will be certain to produce a full crop of bad results in the other.

But words are wasted on the subject. No reader of the TABLET can go to such a gathering, and if it takes place, we trust the police will perform their duty and arrest all who participate.

THEODORE PARKER ON THE PROTESTANT PULPIT.

To play the Conservative has been, in all times, one of the favorite characters of political disorganizers. While it suited, the leading "Reds" of '89 were scarcely outdone in protestations of loyalty by the Duke de Liancourt or Lally-Tollendal. When Pius IX. was granting "grace" after "grace" to his people, who applauded his paternal government and swore to spill their blood for him with greater zeal than the very men who, a few months afterwards, hounded on the mob to besiege him in the Quirinal? In the same spirit Theodore Parker dubs himself *Rev.*, advocates simulation as the best conduct for the enemies of all dogmatic religion, and declares, from his high place in Boston, that *the artillery which tells most on the pulpit is directed from the pew.*

He is right! What safeguard has the Protestant Pulpit? Not authority, real or claimed—for in this its ministers are only on a par with their congregations, by their own showing, and on their own principles. Authority wanting, all else is wanting. Had Mr. Parker gone a little farther in theory, as he has in fact, and said, "the next best citadel of infidelity is the pulpit itself," he would have completed all the necessary instructions for a first class scoffer and skeptic. The best plea for his oversight is, that such an apothegm is altogether unnecessary. The most efficient comtemners of Christianity have already rendered Mr. Parker's counsel needless by anticipating it.

THE RED REPUBLICANS IN NEW YORK.

IN the midst of the general shout of execration raised by the whole civilized world against Orsini and Pierri, and while even their accomplices before the fact in England preserve becoming silence, the Red Republicans of this city organize, make speeches, and propose to honor the assassins by a torchlight procession. However grateful this method of gratifying their depraved feelings may be, it can have only one result—to disgust still more the American mind with all the petty cliques which presume to represent national causes, and to render the advent of another Kossuth as unimportant as the arrival of another Branch from Brandon.

The *Express* comes to the rescue of the Red Republican Solidarite by denying that the simon-pure patriots of that body have any connection with the movement, and that it is mainly got up by "Jesuits in disguise." These "Jesuits in disguise" are everywhere, according to the *Express*, and we wonder that it has not explained the butcher bill business by saying "a Jesuit" was at the bottom of it. Unhappily, however, for the theory of the *Express*, Mr. Leon Case, Mr. Henry Grube, Mr. Tueffert, and the "leaders" are all Protestants, nearly all married men, and hate Jesuits as the Devil is said to hate Holy Water. To accuse them of being Christians even, is one of the gravest insults which could be cast on them. We look for an early denial of any such damaging imputation.

NEWS FROM ROME.

WE learn that, upon memorial and representations offered, it has pleased his Holiness the Pope, to set apart, and release from their previous connection with the estimable Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the Rev. Fathers Walworth, Hewit, Deshon, and Baker, together with Father Hecker, to the end that these celebrated Missionaries may in the future, as in the past, and, it is trusted, with still greater effect, devote themselves to Missions and other evangelical labors, according to the exigencies and circumstances of this country.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.—The appointment of Marshal Pellesier as French Ambassador to England argues nothing in favor of the continuance of the Alliance. In his own person he represents the dislike of the French Army for England; and his slurs on the English Generals in the Crimea are too notorious to be forgotten.

THE N. Y. "TIMES" ON A WAR WITH CHINA.

FOR information ranging from the most secret scandals of the "fustest families" of England, up to a question relating to the last pair of breeches worn by the Duke of Wellington, commend us to the N. Y. *Times*. Thanks to a fear ot the efficient judicial system of that nation on the part of some late writers in the *Times*, and the privations of penny-a-liners in London, our contemporary has been inundated by a flood of foreign talent which places it far beyond the range of competition in discussions affecting the heraldry, the amours, the drinking, gambling, and virtues of our English "cousins."

It is difficult to overrate the service of a journal of this kind in the present state of the American mind. With the assiduity of a provincial people, we seek to know all about the latest appointed to the Foreign office, and without the *Times*, in nine cases out of ten, we might seek in vain. We desire to learn whether or not epilepsy runs in the blood of a certain noble family and, wanting the *Times*, we would be compelled to bear our desire unsated. In fact, if we had no *Times*, Jenkins himself would be a failure on our soil, and the world of engaging chit chat would bemoan the loss of one of its most competent chroniclers.

One of the results of the vast stock of English talent on the *Times* is to be seen in the great attention which that paper pays to English topics. Another is, that all these topics are invariably viewed from an English point of view. Thus, a few days ago, it contained in one page no less than three leading articles on English issues, every one of which might have appeared in its London namesake, or any of the thousand smaller whistles which take their tone from that great organ.

Much as we need English flunkeyism we object *in toto* to this wholesale importation of English politics. We object to it because it may give a false bent to our diplomacy, if indulged in, and because, in the main, it can have no other effect than to mislead the national judgment.

Take the Chinese Question as an instance. The *Times*, following in the wake of the English Press, is all fire and fury against the Celestials. It demands that we join England and France in aggressive operations against them. Not content with this, it belies them too, just as an English paper would naturally do, by charging them with the murder of American citizens. Of course, there is no truth in its statement. Not one of our decent citizens has suffered in China. Commodore Perry well said that the Chinese are "more sinned against than sinning;" and the affair of the *Arrow*, which first brought English vessels to Canton, is conceded on all sides to have been a miserable disguise from beginning to end.

Herein, we conceive, the *Times* goes too far in its imitation of its "cousins." Because the London *Times* falsifies to blacken the Celestials, the N. Y. *Times* seems to think it should follow suit. Because the London journal argued up the *Arrow* case to give a color to a war already contemplated, the New York journal endeavors to get up a few murders and outrages to order, that we may the better get into grips with John Chinaman, and take advantage of his helplessness.

Fie, Mr. *Times*—be a lacquey if you will, but leave lying to your masters!

BISHOP OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—A private letter from Rome says that the Rev. John C. Pelamorgue of Davenport, Iowa, is raised to the dignity of Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Sacred College has made an excellent choice in the selection of this zealous and truly excellent clergyman. He is a native of Lyons, France, and with his saintly predecessor in the See of St. Paul, was brought to Iowa by the late Bishop Loras in 1838. He was appointed Pastor of Davenport in 1839, and has continued there to this day, beloved and venerated by all classes of citizens. Minnesota will be blessed in his untiring energy and sincere devotion to the service of God and the Church.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND.

A SHORT description of the new Church erected by the labors of Father Lewis in Clifton, Staten Island, will be interesting to many of our readers. The Church is built of brick and is situated on a small hill overlooking the Bay. Its length is 115 feet; width 58 feet; height of towers 120 feet. The doors are all oak; the holy water stoops and alms boxes are finished in imitation of Egyptian marble; and the pews are admirably grained in oak and black walnut. The stationary octagon pulpit is neatly carved with emblems in the panels, and surmounted by a canopy.

The main ceiling is in the form of an elliptic, prepared for frescoes at some future time. The organ gallery and confessional, instead of being an obstruction and an eye-sore as they happen to be in many of our churches, are so constructed here as to become ornaments to the building. But the rood screen is the most striking feature in the Church. It extends across the chancel arch, and is surmounted by a large crucifix with the Mater Dolorosa on one side and St. John on the other. This is the first Church in America, we believe, into which this feature has been introduced, and we hope to see it imitated. Apart from its mystical meaning, it has a very artistic effect.

Inside the rood screen is the chancel—a deep octagon, with an open roof, which stands in delightful contrast with the rest of the Church. On one side, an elegant piscina, built in the wall, on the other, a beautifully worked credence table, add greatly to the appearance of the altar, which is extremely neat, richly carved, and entirely original in pattern.

Attached to the Church is a separate chapel for daily use; a sacristy, a boy's vestry, and a priest's vestry, all conveniently laid out.

The windows are stained glass, and the whole building is lit up with gas.

Altogether, St. Mary's Church is very much admired, and is considered by all visitors as one of the neatest and most tasteful and well proportioned Church in the country.

Architect—H. Engelbert of New York. Masons—Messrs. O'Connor and Corry, S. I. Carpenters—Messrs. Robinson and Mulford of S. I. The pews and pulpit were made by George Rikers of New York; the altar and rood screen by Smith and Crane of New York.

THE CONDITION OF WASHINGTON.—The condition of Washington, if we may believe the statements of several Senators, is truly deplorable. In the very city where the central authority sits, Mr. Seward declares that there is "a reign of terror." Mr. Douglas asserts that "no man's life is safe, even on Pennsylvania Avenue." And, to cap the climax, a Southern Senator, whose name we have overlooked, attributes much of the municipal disorganization to the effect of the bad example of men in power, and Judge Crawford's conduct in the Herbert case. There is much truth in this. The people's Representatives have demoralized the people; and the blood of the murdered Keating is finding dire atonement in the contempt into which the Judiciary has fallen.

FALSE HUMOR.—The *Times* indulges in a jeer at the conscientiousness of the *Tribune* publishers in refusing to advertise a lottery, even after they had set up the advertisement, not knowing its character. We cannot see the point of the *Times'* humor, unless it be that the *Times* desires to be known as a patron of swindlers. If so, any attack on the *Tribune* was wholly unnecessary, as a late number of the *Times*, in which the *quasi* Georgia Lottery was advertised at length, fully testifies.

In next week's TABLET we will give a Biography of that world-renowned Irish soldier, Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. A well written sketch of the town of Kilmallock—the Balbec of Ireland—its religious houses and ivy covered fortresses, will also appear in the same number.

THE DONEGAL SUFFERERS.

DEAR MR. KILLIAN:—In your issue of the 27th ult., you have what must appear to many a timely and well-written leader on the sufferers in Donegal. Looking at it from the Irish point of view, there can be no doubt but it is such; yet, it appears to me, that these frequent appeals to relieve Irish distress, are extremely curious. Not long since, if I am not mistaken, you were urging us, with your usual ability, to subscribe to a fund to relieve the "persecuted priests of Mayo." As long as an appeal is made to me to assist the Irish Church, as such, in any emergency, I trust I shall be ever found willing to meet it according to my means, but I have no faith in subscribing to a fund either for "Mayo priests" or "Donegal sufferers." That "suffering" on the one hand, and that "persecution" on the other, have been of centuries' standing; and if the Irish people have not made the effort—which would elicit the sympathy and assistance of all freedom-loving men—they have no strict right, in my opinion, to expect foreigners to be over generous in their behalf. Your correspondent is descended, maternally, from an old Irish stock, and he takes as much interest as any living man in the welfare of that country, still he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that those numerous *argumenta ad crumenam* have a bad effect on the public mind of America. If the Catholics of Ireland—numbering to-day over three millions—with their Bishops and priests, are content to be trampled on by English law and Irish landlordism, it is entirely their own affair; but surely they have no right to complain (as they have done) if, at their many appeals, we refuse to open our purse-strings as freely as they might wish.

The victims of landlord oppression in Donegal, merit, I fully believe, all sympathy; but the question is, could not this state of things have been long since remedied? If the priests, bishops, and people, had been true to themselves; if, instead, as lately in Limerick, priest had not been battling against priest, and Catholic against Catholic, for worthless candidates, *all* had rallied round an *honest* man, they need not be as they are now, "beggars at the door of every nation." Dean Swift, I believe, it was who said that Ireland might be surrounded by a wall of brass, and still support her population, and his assertion can cardly be denied. I read the Dublin *Nation*, as well as the N. Y. TABLET, regularly, and it is my belief that if your doctrines were followed out Ireland would not be what she is. Were the archbishops, bishops, priests, and Catholic people of Ireland, to unite in politics, as they do in faith, and approach the British government—asking for no special favors—but a fair measure of "Tenant Right," and a certain equality of citizenship, I fancy we would hear no more on this side the Atlantic, of "Donegal Sufferers," or the "Persecuted Priests of Mayo."

A WESTERN PENNSYLVANIAN.

April 2d, 1858.

REMARKS.

Three misapprehensions, likely to be caused by the expressions of our correspondent, deserve to be corrected. We have not, as he states, urged the collection of a fund in aid of the Mayo priests—not because we were unwilling to do so, but because their fellow-clergymen obviated its necessity. The Catholics of Ireland have not complained, to our knowledge, and certainly not authoritatively, that Irish-Americans have failed "to open their purses as freely as they (the said Catholics) might wish." And "A Western Pennsylvanian," notwithstanding his own words, is one of the last men in the world who would attempt to emulate the Poor Commissioners of Donegal by inditing pleas against charity. These misapprehensions aside, we are at greater liberty to hint to our correspondent that his sympathy with oppressed nationalities may exist without interfering with his benevolence, and that there is no sound reason for punishing a particular body of men, women and children, for the supineness, or indecision, or whatever else he may call it, of a whole nation.

According to a "Western Pennsylvanian's" notion every deed done by Irish priests for their parishioners is improper and without merit *so far as it aims at relieving necessities induced by a faulty, social, and political system!* If not, why should similar deeds be improper in us? According to the same notion *we should taunt our famishing operatives with the want of a Protective Tariff* instead of clubbing together, as we have done, throughout the different States, for their assistance! If not, why should we refuse to aid the sufferers in Donegal who are hungry, and naked, and homeless to-day, because there is no adequate protection—no stimulus—for Irish industry? Our correspondent's view of duty logically implies, in one fell swoop, not only efforts on behalf of the Irish Church, which, "as such," *is* a partial mendicant owing to a hostile government, but most of the good offices which have heretofore borne the designation "Charitable." It calls in question the propriety of the assistance given to Ireland by America in the Famine year, and the Pope's contribution about the same time. Its novelty, and the undoubted earnestness of its author, have proccured its insertion. The prejudices and antecedents which it has to contend with forbid us to add another difficulty to the many which it has to overcome before being generally adopted.

We appreciate the spirit of our correspondent's reference to "lost opportunities," as much as we doubt the good taste of his implied slur on the patriotism of the Irish Priesthood. That Priesthood knows its own business as well as we know it, and in view of their long sufferings, and contact with the people over which they are called to preside, the presumption is, that they know it better too. At least, we are not asked to suffer for their sins; and our sphere of *political* duty is more or less limited by international law to our own territory. The bounds of our benevolence, on the other hand, are not so circumscribed. Charity, which, from a natural sentiment, has been lifted into the category of Christian virtues, destroys boundary lines, under the inspiration of Catholic teaching; and we have yet to learn that the duty of assisting the needy is ever enforced on us with a proviso that no one is to be considered such who suffers from his obedience to a *de facto* government.

We hope our correspondent will reconsider his objections to a fund for the Donegal sufferers. It is never disagreeable to impede a proposition aiming at the assistance of our fellow-men, and he will find more real pleasure in giving his mite than in discussing the patriotism and politics of its recipients.

DEATH OF THOMAS H. BENTON.—The regret caused by the death of this distinguished man is almost as undefinable as his merits. In intellect, he was only second rate, at best, so that his loss is not that of a Clay, a Calhoun, or a Webster. Thirty years in the Senate, he did one man's work well, but his pre-emption system is about the only beneficent product of his statesmanship. No one has ever doubted his integrity or his devotion to the people's interests—but he mixed his democracy with arrogance, and egotism was not the least strong mainstay of his honesty. His greatest political virtue was, perhaps, his devotion to Jackson in the Bank War. His greatest fault—a murder—by duel.

FOOLISH AND CRIMINAL.—It pains us to find an Irish name in connection with the recent meeting called in this city by the Red Republicans to endorse the conduct of the men engaged in the attempt on the life of the French Emperor, and to exalt Orsini and Pierri out of the rank of assassins into that of public martyrs. When even the octogenarian, Walter Savage Landon, who offered a premium of £50 for the head of Napoleon III., considers him "the most legitimate monarch in the universe," it seems time for men in their common senses to discover the fact. Think of this, Maurice Walsh, whoever you are!

A FEDERAL PRINTING OFFICE.—The latest attempt to open a new batch of offices in which aspiring politicians may serve the people is a bill providing for the establishment of a Federal Printing Office at Washington. We hope it will be defeated. Apart from the original outlay altogether, it is certain that the Federal printing can be done cheaper by contract than by persons whose salaries are secured to them, whether they work or not.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1858.

Lecompton, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, still haunts the halls of Congress, and will not leave them till the murdered carcass of popular sovereignty be fully avenged. Yesterday, on the motion of Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, one of the most sterling and uncompromising Democrats in the House, the amendment of that body was adhered to by a vote of 119 to 111, two members having previously paired off. This vote shows the steadiness of the House on the question with its eight majority; and the Administration, finding all its efforts vain to win or cajole the people's representatives to violate their solemn pledges given at the last Presidential election (that they should make their own laws to suit themselves), will have to come down and acquiesce in what it cannot help.

The friends of popular rights—particularly the adherents of Judge Douglas, Governor Wise, Ex-Governor Walker, Frederick Stanton, and the other honest and intrepid Democrats who have stood by their principles and those of the people, make no show of triumph over the errors of Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet. On the contrary, I know that if this Lecompton difficulty was once out of the way, good feelings and an earnest desire to promote the public welfare would at once supervene, and no motives would exist on the part of the "patriots" but to advance the honor and interests of those whom their suffrages brought into power, and consolidate and strengthen the Democratic party in its pristine vigor.

Congress has at last woke up to the dangers of rowdyism, with which this city has been cursed since the advent of "Americanism." Murders, bloodshed and arson have had their full sway since that unfortunate period, and the opinion of the Judge of the Criminal Court—Judge Crawford, in the Herbert murder case (that it made no difference which of two persons began a quarrel, if one of them, even the aggressor, had thought his life in danger, and he had killed his opponent, it would not be murder), has only aggravated, instead of having restrained the evil. Had Herbert been hung, or sent for life to the penitentiary for the killing of Keating, we would not have had to mourn over the cold-blooded murders and attempts at murders that have since disgraced the federal metropolis. But let us hope now that this "reign of terror" is coming to an end, when the lives and property of all will be safe for the future. A few hanging matches for crimes of the first magnitude would cure the evil at once.

Much, however, will depend upon the temper of the Administration under defeat. If it falls so harmoniously with the expression of popular will, as the recent election everywhere shows on its pet measure, all will be well; if not it must go into a ministry from this till the 4th March, 1860.

The last essay at shooting occurred yesterday in the Interior Department. A clerk named Besancon, who had been removed, attempted to shoot Secretary Thompson while in his office. The latter luckily seized the pistol before the man had time to effect his object. It is said Besancon is not of sound mind.

The Minnesota Bill passed the Senate on Wednesday by a vote of 43 to 3. Some discussion took place on the clause in the Constitution of that State, allowing aliens the right to vote; but, every State is its own judge of the qualification of its electors.

SIGMA.

We close, with this number, O'Neill Daunt's "Recollections of O'Connell." If their publication has given even one reader of ours a better knowledge, or a truer estimate of the great "Liberator," they have not appeared in vain.

It will be seen by reference to our 16th page that the exhibition and examination of the pupils of St. Vincent's Academy will take place on Thursday, April 22, at the City Assembly Rooms, No. 448 Broadway. For exhibitions of the various parish schools under the charge of the Christian Brothers, see advertisement.

TABLET and *Metropolitan* sent by mail for one year for $4, payable in advance.

TABLET and *Brownson's Review* sent for one year by mail for $5, payable in advance.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The *America* arrived in Halifax on the 9th with news to the 27th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—On the 25th, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury, referring to the case of the British engineers at Naples, stated that Mr. Watt had arrived in England very much improved in health, and that a telegraphic despatch had been received from Lyons stating that Mr. Parkes had been liberated on bail. The same subject attracted attention in the Commons. Mr. Griffiths asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, if in the opinion of the law officer of the Crown, the capture of the Cagliari proved illegal, it was intended to demand from the Neapolitan government full and ample compensation to the engineers for the treatment they received. Mr. Disraeli declined to answer.——Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for the Abolition of the Irish Vice-royalty. After some debate a motion for the previous question was negatived by a majority of 127, when the subject dropped, the main question not having been put.——Mr. Disraeli moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the government of India, and explained its provisions at length. Like the Bill of the former government, it abolishes entirely the East India Company and Board of Control, and substitutes in their place a Council, composed of a President, Vice-President, and eighteen members; the President to be a Secretary of State. It was not proposed to interfere with the powers of the Governor-General.——It was reported that Mr. Allsop, Orsini's accomplice, had offered to surrender himself, provided the government would be at the cost of the defense. ——The returns of the Board of Trade exhibit a falling off in the exports for February of over £2,000,000 sterling, as compared with the same month last year.——The British Government have decided, it is said, to repair and augment the fortifications at Malta with activity.

INDIA.—There is nothing later than the telegraphic advices taken out by the steamer Indian to Portland, but an official despatch to the East India Government says that Sir Colin Campbell, with his force, consisting of fifteen regiments of European infantry, three regiments of native infantry, three regiments of European cavalry, three regiments and detachments of two others of native cavalry, with 80 heavy guns and mortars, and 63 field-pieces, had crossed the Ganges and was in progress to Lucknow. The attack was expected to take place on the 27th February, when Jung Bahadour's and Gen. Frank's forces, 12,000 strong, would have also reached Lucknow.

FRANCE.—The *London Globe's* correspondent says that a line of rail is about to traverse the west coast of France, from Bordeaux through Rochelle, Brest and Nantes. It is clearly a strategic rather than a commercial project, as the coasting trade by the steamers is quite adequate for mercantile purposes along the Atlantic border of France. Petitions demanding a reduction of duties on sugar and coffee were pouring in upon the government in large numbers.——The Minister of the Interior had ordered all the artillery in the several towns of France to be dismounted and deposited in the arsenals, on the plea that they are in such a state as to be dangerous to use, and promising they should be replaced by artillery in better condition.

SPAIN.—Some disturbance had occurred at Valencia, and a few arrests were made. Quiet was restored. The agitation was occasioned by the drawing of a lottery. There were also doubtful rumors of disturbances at Saragossa. ——Telegrams from Madrid to the 22d ult. say that the Government has presented a project for the abolition of slavery in the colonies of Spain.

ITALY.—A Turin letter says that Count Cavour has sent another note, written in very energetic terms to the government of Naples on the refusal of the latter to give up the Cagliari.

DENMARK AND PRUSSIA.—The late Danish propositions are said to be unacceptable to Prussia, in consequence of their containing nothing precise.

RUSSIA.—Great agitation prevails in Russia in consequence of the opposition of the nobility to the emancipation of the Serfs. Many great proprietors had fled to St. Petersburg in fear of their lives.——A letter from Warsaw states that a camp of one hundred thousand men will be formed toward the middle of May. This is considered as a manifestation against Austria.

TURKEY.—A despatch from Constantinople says that 800 Montenegrins had violated the Austrian territory and penetrated Herzegovia. Forty of them entered Sutorina, and burned everything.——The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople is understood to have notified his government that Turkey refuses to submit to the treaty for the navigation of the Danube.

NOW READY, ROME: ITS RULER AND ITS INSTITUTIONS, by John Francis Maguire, M.P. Cloth, extra, $1 25; Half Morroco or Calf, $2.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
164 William street, N. Y.

We would call the attention of the Rev. Clergy and Religious Institutions to the advertisment of Messrs. Benziger Brothers, on our 16th page. They have always on hand a very large assortment of Church Furniture, Statues, &c., at the most reasonable prices.

THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

[*Translated from the German of the Wahrheits-Freund for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

Among many nations of antiquity parents were empowered by law to dispose of the lives of their new-born children; it was left to their pleasure either to kill, sell, or expose them, so that whoever wished was at liberty to pick up the forlorn infants. And, as it was sometimes feared that a father's natural tenderness might cause him to preserve and bring up children of a weak constitution or otherwise disfigured, some governments took measures to prevent the preservation of such infants. As, for instance, in warlike Sparta: officers were appointed for the inspection of new-born infants, whose life or death exclusively depended on the often indiscriminate judgment of such unmerciful officials. Alas! that there are still countries in which similar cruelty is practiced. Among them China occupies the first rank. In this vast empire of nearly 400,000,000 of inhabitants, which exceeds the third part of the entire population of the world, every father, by the power of a barbarous custom, enjoys the privilege of killing his new-born babes. The poor classes being very numerous in China, embrace this cruel practice but too frequently, in order to check the increase of their families; and, as to the people of means, Father Brueyere, S.J., one of the Missionaries in China, in a letter dated 6th of July, 1854, expresses himself thus: "It is a rare case that they are willing to bring up even four children; this is considered to be a burden intolerable, and they will bring up three of them, at most, but no more."

By what means, then, do such unnatural and cruel parents rid themselves of their young?

We learn from the unanimous testimonies of some of the learned travellers in China, both Catholic and Protestant, and also from the Missionaries of that country, that these children immediately after their birth are either smothered in a tub of warm water, or thrown into a river with an empty pumpkin tied on their back, in consequence of which they often for a length of time float about before they die; others, again, are by night exposed in the street, whence they are, whether alive or dead, in the morning removed by the city carts and carried to the outskirts of the city as if they were rubbish. This is particularly done at Pekin. The number of these wretched victims of barbarous cruelty in the capital alone amounts annually to several thousands. Whose heart is so void of human feelings as not to be horror struck at the sight of such abominable cruelty? Who is there that does not deeply sympathize with the fate of these unfortunate little ones? Who does not desire to discover a means by which, to the utmost possibility, such a misery might be repressed? Ought not every Catholic to be ready to do his part in order to save all that can be saved both from death and eternal destruction? To our consolation and joy let it be said, the desired and even the most efficacious means of saving is already found. A pious man, having for a length of time meditated upon the possibility and the means of imparting to these children holy Baptism, in order to save them from eternal death and to preserve also, possibly, their lives, finally was favored by an inspiration of Divine Providence and Mercy to establish a Society for the purpose. This Society was to embrace all the Catholic children of the world for aiding the aforesaid charitable work by united small contributions and their prayers. Thus they would form an immense army of young Missionaries for their unfortunate fellow-infants in the so-called Heavenly—but properly Diabolical—Empire.

This pious man being inspired with an ardent zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, was the late deceased, Most Rev. Charles August de Ferbie Janson, Bishop of Nancey, in France. In the year 1843, he founded the society of the Holy Childhood, so called in order to impress on the minds of all its members that in making efforts for the salvation of these Heathen children, they ought to take for their pattern the Holy Child Jesus, and united with Him alone, be enabled to rescue them from the power of the Devil, and to make them heirs of the heavenly kingdom.

Can any society of the kind be imagined superior to, and beter calculated for the purpose than this? It is, therefore, that we do not wonder that the blessings of God are showering upon it pre-eminently. Scarcely have a few years elapsed since its foundation—nay, even since the pious founder himself, another Peter of Amiens, went all over the country and the towns animating, by his inspired discourses, little children to a new crusade against the enemies of the kingdom of Christ, and, now already, though but small in the beginning, their number is increased to an army of many hundreds of thousands.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GRIEVANCES OF WOMEN.

We will not yield to Mr. James T. Brady in sympathizing with women whose sex, rather than their unfitness, keeps them from attaining a livelihood in callings which might be open to them, when occupations peculiarly their own by prescription are either too few, or fail to furnish remunerative wages. There is no doubt—there can be none—that women might supplant men in many in-door employments, as they have already done, to some extent, as physicians for their own sex. They could attend dry goods stores, and would grace them quite as well as the present clerks. Their supple fingers are capable of being taught proficiency in type setting. As editors of weekly journals several have secured fair notoriety, and there is no reason to suppose that others will not do so in due time. A hundred other openings for their exertion might be enumerated. But—and these "buts" insist on being respected, it is due to employers to allow them to choose their own hands, and, as they usually do, to consult their own interests. In exact proportion as these interests require the aid of women, women will be called to cater to them. So long as they do not require such aid, in spite of Mr. James T. Brady's eloquence, men will be employed. To think that Mr. Brady can discover the best policy in regard to employees before the persons who pay them, is to suppose that business men are better able to lose, than to make, money. To think that any number of lectures will destroy existing prejudices better than self interest, is to suppose that business men are content to suffer in their pockets, sooner than to escape such suffering—a manifest absurdity. Take the case of the dry goods stores. What prevents women from serving in them more than they now do? The impression, true or false, on the part of the owners that one man can sell as much as two women. Simply this, and nothing else. It is different with professions which can be practiced on one's own responsibility, and in these we find women gradually increasing; but in all trades that admit of competition between the sexes, and that are directed by the heads, and sustained by the pockets of others, women must expect to gain ground only by showing that they are more available, more valuable, and less costly, than the "lords of creation."

Not only the results likely to follow Mr. Brady's views may be questioned, but also the wisdom of these views. In the present state of our labor market, for every woman admitted to places occupied by men, a man must be cast out. What would Mr. Brady do with these? Send them, we suppose, to the poor house and tax their substitutes for their support! The evils which Mr. Brady seeks to remedy lie far below the range of his lecture. They spring from over population. Their citadels are always in great towns. They flow as naturally from the system of modern civilization as financial Panics and underground Tenements. Throw us back into the pastoral state, Mr. Brady, and you can relieve the wants of one sex without increasing those of the other.

OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Moscow, March 4th, 1858.

During the last few weeks we have had very cold weather and I have been able to realize something of the severity of a Russian winter, but I have not suffered much, as the houses are very comfortable. To-day, being the anniversary of the ascent to the throne of the present Emperor, was celebrated, as usual, by a High Mass and *Te Deum* at the Cathedral, and a grand state dinner in the afternoon by the Governor-General. The dinner was the only thing which had anything extraordinary about it. What was remarkable at the dinner was, that it was a double one, or a fast-day dinner for those who eat no meat, and a good wholesome meat dinner for those who did. During the repast the band of one of the regiments discoursed most delightful music; and when the only toast was given, "The Emperor," it struck up the national air, very similar in words and music to "God save the Queen." All rose to their feet, and three very poor cheers were given. In fact, except the English, Irish and ourselves, no nation knows how to cheer heartily.

Three or four days since I called at the house of a friend, who met me at the door, and told me his sister was very ill, but that the doctors gave him hopes she would recover. I entered the parlor after conversing about the disease (typhus fever) and I asked to see the patient, a young girl of 15. He took me to her chamber where I found the girl actually in the agonies of death. She did die within the hour. To-day I attended the funeral, for which printed invitations were sent out. 9 1-2, A. M., was the hour. I went to the Church where the body lay in a white coffin, all covered with satin and flowers. Around were large wax tapers burning. Over the body, except the face and breast, was spread a magnificent pall but not black, like the robes of the priests. The family were in mourning. The cloaks and gentlemen's coats were bound with white ribbon which, in turn, was covered with crape, the effect being that of a livery. After the Mass for the dead, a little white taper was handed to every one in the Church, which was filled with crowds of beggars, those who were guests, so to speak, not numbering more than eighty. The effect of all these tapers was very fine, and the prayers for the dead were interspersed with the chaunting so touching on all occasions, but particularly so at the funeral of the young and fair. After incensing the corpse, one of the priests (there were five in all) read aloud the "passport" by which the deceased was to be admitted into heaven, and then placed it in the hands of the poor girl. It was printed, had pictures on it, and bore the name of the deceased, her age, &c. After this the priests all made, in turn, the sign of the cross over the body, kissed it, and made way for the family who did the same, as also all those who could approach. The lid was then nailed on (not screwed) and the body lifted up by some five or six gentlemen who carried it out of the Church for some distance to a house. At the door of the house some more prayers were said, the body was then put in the hearse, a huge white machine. The ladies got into the carriages and the gentlemen walked, their sleighs following. The hearse was preceded by torch-bearers, and a man carrying an image of the Mother of Russia, as the Blessed Virgin is called here. In this way we had two miles to walk, the mercury being below zero, and all engaged, bare-headed. In an hour we arrived at a cemetery which was in a convent-yard. The nuns met the procession at the gate and proceeded to the grave, chaunting. After the body was let down into the grave the most extraordinary scene I ever witnessed commenced. The procession had been followed by a crowd of beggars who had to be fed and to whom alms were given. Then the coachman and *Gen d'armes* who always attend funerals, and last of all the invited guests, were shown into a room where the table was spread for dinner. The ladies went home, but the priests and gentlemen of the family joined us. The wine had to be sent out by the brother aforesaid, but the dinner had been ordered at the graveyard as at a restaurant, the profits of the dinner going to the Convent. Before the setting down of a dish of rice, some raisins were handed around with two spoons, and every one partook of a mouthful to the memory of the dead. During the dinner which (it being Lent) was of fish dressed with oil, and which I could not eat, every one was very gay and spent few thoughts on the poor girl. Before the dessert, a waiter was brought in on which were glasses of beer and honey mixed. All rose to their feet; the priests and choristers who were dining at another table, commenced and took up the Song of the Dead as it is called, or the Song of Victory; the beer was blessed, and then every one drank to the deceased. We then sat down and drank our wine. At the close of dinner we thanked the brother and he thanked us, and we all left.

Such was the first Russian funeral I have attended. The family not being very rich it was not an expensive one, yet it cost over $500, the principal part being given to the poor and the Convent. Next week, the ninth day, there is to be another dinner, and at the end of forty days, another meeting of the priests, prayers, and dinner.

The question of emancipation plays the mischief with all the domestics who have *la tete montis* to such a point, that there is no doing anything with them. Mine are very reasonable good people and have learned to be very economical. Yours truly, ***.

"THE PAST."

The Flowers that blossomed on the Hills
Are softly gathered to decay—
The Birds that sang within the Woods
Like golden Hopes have passed away!
But O my Heart! I do not sigh
O'er withered Flowers or Song Birds flown,
But for the joyous days gone by,
And many a Friend long dead and gone;
For Spring will come, and Birds and Flowers
Will follow in her festive train,—
But will she ope the moss-grown tombs
And light the orbs, long dimmed, again?

There is no change in aught save Man,
The Hills still wear their sunny looks,
And tho' long years have passed away,
The same old Songs float from the Brooks;
But sitting on their sloping Banks
And gazing o'er the waters blue,
I look for many a festive scene
And but the Churchyard meets my view;
And as the Summer sunbeams dance
Lightly thro' the mourning yew,
The names deep graven on my heart
I see them on the Tombstones, too!

O! blest are they whose sinless Souls
Doth early seek the resting-place,
As dewdrops to the morning Sun,
So mount they up to God's embrace!
While sailing o'er Life's glassy tide,
Our Barque by soft-lipped zephyrs driven,
The World with all her golden cares
Comes floating 'twixt our Souls and Heaven;
And when the Night comes lowering down
Around our path, too late we find,
A shoreless sea frowns dark before,
And the Land of Palms lies far behind!

We know the Soul seeks milder climes
When wearied of this World of sighs,
As summer Birds from Northern lands
Doth fly away to Southern skies;
But, pausing in the festive dance,
'Tis sad to hear the death Bells chime,
While Death roves thro' the woodlands green
And plucks the Leaves in blooming time—
To call upon some hallowed name
Whose owner slumbers in the Bier—
To sit and list for evermore
The light foot fall we'll never hear.

Many a joy forever fled
Comes dancing round the genial Bowl,
As Mem'ry opes her gates of gold
And floods her radiance o'er the Soul—
Many an eye long dimmed in death
Flings off its drowsy, dull eclipse—
And oft we feel the fragrant breath
Of Love's first kiss upon our lips;
Old Christmas fires long quench'd in tears
Spring from the hearth, and in their rays
We tread the Hills of Youth again—
In the light of Childhood's happy days!

M. S

THE HON. GEORGE BANCROFT BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A valuable paper on the battle of Lexington, fought on the 19th of April, 1775, was read before the members of the New York Historical Society, by the Hon. G. Bancroft, on the evening of Tuesday, the 6th inst., from which we extract the following. He said:

On the afternoon of the 18th of April, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt for several weeks being expected, a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and, in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut.-Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes be-

fore the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

The troops had not advanced far when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of 12 and 1, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescot, "a high son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting-house called the inhabitants of the place to the town-hall. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good their resolute words.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! How wives, with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands; how the countrymen, forced suddenly to arm, without guides or counsellers, took instant counsel of their courage. The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm-houses, and as it were from the very ashes of the dead. Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of the God of your fathers, the franchises handed down from your ancestors. Now all is at stake; the battle is for all.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out: "Disperse, you villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire." The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzy, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, the same who, in 1758, had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, junior, was struck in front of his own house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British, on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before the time; the bluebird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are had in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of a moment; their action was the slowly-ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

A FEW NOTES ON MONAGHAN.

[*From the Newry Examiner.*]

On Friday last, we visited Monaghan, with the view of being enabled to attend in the Record Court next morning, for the purpose of taking notes of the ejectment case—Lewis *v.* Byrne—the drive from the railway terminus on the Monaghan road, to the county town, on an intensely cold evening, did not prepossess us much in favor of the district. The intervening country is anything but fertile, the soil being poor and rudely cultivated, with patches of bog, furze, and so forth. It is destitute of scenery, and devoid of wood, if we except an apology for an odd tree visible at distant intervals, and seeming to borrow a quaint illustration of Robert Hall's—applied to a bleak district in England—as "though nature were hanging out signals of distress." The dreary road was, however, soon forgotten, when we arrived in the neat, compact, and well lighted town—more particularly, when we found ourselves domiciled in such comfortable quarters as M'Phillips's excellent hotel. The town of Monaghan has a compact and comfortable appearance, with its several respectable private residences, and some showy shops. The only public edifices within the precincts of the town worthy of notice are the Court House, and the Church of the Establishment. There is not, we regret to have to say, much of the animation of trade in the town, the occupations of the surrounding country being almost wholly agricultural. The linen manufactory, which flourished some time ago, is now in a state of sad decadence. The agricultural customers of the shopkeeping folk cannot be compared, as regards expenditure, with those who frequent Dundalk, which, though as yet the mere skeleton of what it promises to be, can boast several rich merchants and shopkeepers, and a bustling traffic. The chief crops in the county Monaghan are oats, barley, flax and potatoes. The culture of wheat and green crop is, however, on the increase. In the Armagh direction the county is better cultivated. In fact, Monaghan town and county are, we should say, more likely to advance than retrograde. Once the railway projects in contemplation shall have been fully carried out, the local trade will receive a vast impulse.

The best possible social feeling prevails among the inhabitants, of all classes and of all creeds. The Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy and laity respectfully enjoy a Christian neighborism. The rampant Toryism and ascendancy politics of the local journal—the *Northern Standard*—are not, by any means, to be interpreted as a reflex of the feeling of the party whom that journal represents. In truth, notwithstanding differences in religion and politics, an undercurrent of good feeling fraternizes the honest, sensible, good-natured, and hospitable folk of the county town of Monaghan. The Roman Catholics hold a most creditable position in the town and its environs; and, what is more, their social influence is rapidly on the increase. The admirable example of the Bishop—Dr. MacNally—sheds on all the members of his own communion, and within his own sphere, a most benignant influence, and contributes much to the social and even neighborly feeling which is characteristic of the inhabitants of Monaghan.

One of the best evidences of Catholic progress is the Seminary—a large and splendid building situated about half a mile, or perhaps more, off the line of railway from Monaghan towards Armagh. Already the sum of £8,000 has been contributed towards the expenses of this building, the site of which is on a very considerable elevation commanding a fine prospect. This large sum was subscribed by the Catholic clergy and laity of the town and its environs. The arrangement and classification of lecture-rooms, studies, bed-rooms (separate for each pupil) are, in every sense of the term, collegiate. There is accommodation for sixty boarders; and advanced pupils have their separate rooms for study—have, in a word, that retirement so congenial to study. Attached to the school is a chapel, in which Mass is celebrated every morning by one of the resident clerical professors. The chapel is a chaste and elegant department of the general building, and its decorations afford evidence of cultivated and even refined art. The resident professors are the Rev. Dr. Birmingham and the Rev. Mr. M'Loughlin, with two lay assistants. One of the lay teachers, Mr. Connolly, has won high academic honors in the Catholic University. The Bishop exercises an active supervision over this establishment, does not pay it merely a passing visit, but has his own apartments there, when he may desire to make a short sojourn. In fact his Lordship is the active head, the ruling power over the establishment, which, we believe, is the best preparatory school in Ireland for candidates who purpose entering into holy orders. We may here, *en parenthese*, observe that we believe Lord Cremorne has the high credit of having, in a very generous spirit, given the site for the Seminary on a lease of lives renewable for ever.

As further evidence of the progressive prosperity of Catholicism in Monaghan, we may state that Dr. MacNally has recently purchased for £800 or £900 a beautiful and commanding site for the new Cathedral Church. On the mere initiation, not of the work, but of the project, a very large sum was subscribed, including £200 from the Bishop, £100 from the worthy proprietor of the manor, Lord Rossmore, £100 from Mr. M'Phillips, £100 from Mr. Donnelly, and several sums of £50. This is a grand commencement, and will be at once followed by the accumulated pounds, shillings, and even pence of the humbler classes—aye, the pence, those pence which have built so many splendid houses of worship in Ireland—those magic pence—the earnings of honest hands, and the gift of honest hearts—those pence which carry a blessing with them—and which, in one of Ireland's great eras, were so many symbols of Irish patriotism and of Irish fidelity to the national creed. Even in the good town of Dundalk the pence and shillings of the poor have mainly contributed to the erection of the magnificent Catholic Cathedral, which, to future generations of men, will be a monument to instruct, to edify, and also to inspire works of piety.

Doctor MacNally contemplates not only the erection of a splendid cathedral, but of a convent for Sisters of Mercy, a school for Christian Brothers, and a parochial house for the residence of the local clergy.

SHALL WE USE HORSES OR OXEN?

[*From the American Agriculturist.*]

The question is often asked, which of the two, horses or oxen, is most profitable for farm work? We do not propose attempting to settle the point, but simply to state some of the pros and cons, leaving our readers to strike the balance.

The advocates of oxen say that the first cost of a yoke of oxen is not more than half that of a span of good working horses. And then the wagons, harness, and other rigging necessary for horses is twice as expensive as the outfit needful for oxen. The expense of keeping oxen is much less than of horses; less by one-third, say some. One can hardly enumerate the accidents to which horses are subject; the diseases which prey upon them are about as numerous as those which afflict the human family, and have to be continually provided against and treated with medicine. If they are young or spirited, none but a trusty teamster can manage them. The owner must be constantly on the watch, or they will be taxed beyond their strength or driven beyond their natural speed. And then the wear and tear of harnesses, wagons, shoes, and other rigging, is considerably greater with horses than with oxen. As to the work done by oxen, there is hardly anything which they cannot do as well as horses; and some kinds they will do better. Heavy work, such as hauling out manure, logs and rocks, and plowing stony lands, and breaking up stiff fallows, all work which require a strong and steady pull, they do better than horses. Some persons complain of their slowness in work, and their lack of endurance; but it is claimed that such farmers stint their cattle in good fodder, and in other respects treat them with neglect. Give them warm, clean, and well-aired stables, and plenty of generous feed, so as to keep them in good flesh, and it is believed that they will do as much work, annually, as horses.

In this enumeration, it should not be forgotten that the manure of oxen is more valuable than horse dung; that oxen increase in value until they are twelve years old, and after that may be fattened for the butcher. When horses are twelve years old, they depreciate in value rapidly, and soon become a burden.

The advocates of the horse claim, on the other hand, that while the first cost of an ox-team is considerably less, the expense of keeping is about the same, if both were well fed; and that the horse will do more work, and, on the whole, more satisfactorily, than oxen. A good pair of working oxen will weigh 3,000 pounds, and a good span of working horses, 2,000 pounds; is it, then, reasonable to suppose that it will cost any more to support the 2,000 pounds of flesh than the 3,000?

As to drawing heavy loads, there are, indeed, cases in which ox-strength is the most serviceable; but ordinarily, a span of heavy, well trained horses will do every thing required on a farm. It is generally conceded that in very warm weather, the horse has greatest power of endurance. A yoke of oxen cannot be divided in working, but a span of horses can. One can work, while the other is resting; one can be rode or driven away on errands, while the other is plowing out the corn; or two teams can be made of one span, for raking, &c., &c. It can not be denied that horses will plow a field quicker than oxen. It is also proved by experience that a yoke of oxen can not be worked hard and fed high for more than two years in succession. The third summer, they will lose their appetite and strength, and must be turned out to pasture.

Every farmer, too, wishes often to ride with his family to town, to church on Sundays, and throughout all the neighborhood on business or pleasure; but oxen would hardly answer this purpose. A good span of horses is one of the greatest delights of the farmer's sons; without this source of enjoyment there would be far fewer attractions in a life of agriculture than there are at present.

An editor out West says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us in a new hat, and say nothing about it."

THE BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA.

In a former number we gave our readers a condensed account, from the pen of Joel Reed, Esq., of the different animals to be met with in California. The following paper on the many varieties of birds existing within the same region, is also from his pen:

The California vultures are unquestionably the largest birds in America. They rival the condor of South America in size and in the power of flight, and their habits are similar to those of that memorable bird. They measure from ten to twelve feet from tip to tip of wings, and are very heavy, large specimens weighing from 30 to 40 pounds. Their flight is tremendously high, as they may be observed careering upward and over the tallest mountains without the slightest perceptible motion of the wings. They are found on the Coast Range and valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, where large numbers of cattle are herded. They descend from the mountains in search of food, and having gorged themselves with carrion, again seek their resting-place. That dauntless naturalist, Audubon, has well described this bird in his great work, the "Birds of America."

In the Sierra Nevada are found the mountain grouse, which are larger than our common pheasant; are of a dun color, and are excellent game. They live in the tall pines and firs on the mountains, frequently secreting themselves one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. No better sport is had in the mining districts than that of grouse shooting; but it requires a good rifle and an accurate eye to bring them down from these lofty trees.

One of the most singular birds known in the country is called the "Road Runner." In color and form it resembles the long-billed curlew, but it is somewhat smaller. Its legs are very long, and it runs with astonishing quickness. It seldom uses its wings, except in "sailing" down-hill. So far as we know, this bird is only found in the mountainous portions of the "Gold State." It feeds upon small lizards, snakes, and insects. It is frequently seen in the road, running with great rapidity—hence its name.

Magpies are found in great numbers in the San Joaquin and other valleys. They are beautiful birds, and their chattering causes one to think of the story books of his youth.

Toward the summit of the Nevadas and in the beautiful valleys far in the mountains I have observed a dozen varieties of birds not found in other portions of the Union. One of the most beautiful of these is a bird resembling the oriole, but having a brilliant red crest on its head. There is also a large variety of woodpecker, which lives in the pine forests, and is of brilliant purple hue. This bird is more interesting to the observer than any other that I have seen in the mountains. One invests them with greater interest because the ordinary species of birds are very scarce in these regions. Such is the desolate character of the country that their absence may be attributed to want of subsistence. The few found are unusually wild, being fearful, as we may suppose, of the hungry Indian's arrow.

The thrush, the pheasant, the red-bird or gros-beak, and the host of pretty little warblers found in the valley of the Mississippi, making spring morning musical, are unheard of in this region.

It is curious to observe the peculiarities of the birds found here, compared with those of the same species in the Eastern States. The The meadow lark has a note so different as to lose nearly all of the original song of that bird. It is thus also with the long-billed curlew; and even the little quail mounts a black crest, and whistles all out of tune. The blue-bird has a brighter and more charming blue; the woodpecker varies his coat, and shines in all colors; and what we call a blue jay *at home*, becomes a wild rattling bird of a bluer coat and a fiercer eye; one variety is found in the Sierras and another along the rivers of the great valley.

The humming bird, with its ruby throat, I have seen in Mount Diablo, visiting flowers in mid-winter, a fact which may surprise the inhabitants of our colder latitude. Here the robin and lark live at home all the winter, save the few that visit the distant snowy mountains where the terrible storms drive down alike robin and lion, dove and grizzly bear—all fleeing in due time to a milder locality.

We may mention that ducks, geese, and cranes throng the marshy districts, and numerous hunters are regularly occupied in supplying the market. Magnificent swans and pelicans gleam like snow upon the lakes. Of the latter I have seen a flight more than three miles in length, consisting of several trains, and estimated to have contained ten thousand birds. Gladly would one dwell in describing what has been seen with delight, but as the natural history of California has yet to be written, time and space enable me to present only a sketch.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.—The world has long admired the heroism displayed by a Spartan mother, when she replied to the complaint of her son that his "sword was too short." "Then take a step forward." The following incident will show that quite as much heroism exists among the women of Spain: A woman of Madrid, on her way home on the morning of the late insurrection, disarmed one of the Civil Guard, after a strong contest with him. She seized the musket with the greatest coolness, and on reaching her house in Polonia street, said to her husband with the greatest enthusiasm, "Now you have arms—go to a barricade."

THE ISLAND OF PERIM.

Our readers are aware that the agents of the English government ever anxious to obtain in different portions of the globe, military and naval stations, and not too particular as to the means of obtaining them or the right of occupation, a little more than a year ago, took possession, in the name of her Britannic Majesty, of the Island of Perim. The exact date of the occupation was, if we recollect aright, the 14th February, 1857. The Island is situated at the entrance of the Arabian Gulf and in the middle of the Strait which separates Africa from Asia. It is positively the Key of the Red Sea. Of the two channels which it forms the Western which is the wider is not navigable on account of the shoals and rocks which obstruct it; the eastern channel which vessels are obliged to take is not more than two thousand yards wide between Perim and Pilot Rock which lifts its tall head near the Arabian Coast. No vessel can enter or go out of the Red Sea without passing under the guns of the fortification at Perim. It has been called a second Gibraltar; but it is an error for Perim by its position is far stronger than Gibraltar. It was doubtless the project of M. de Lesseps, the Suez Canal, which suggested to the English Government the occupation of this island, that they might keep a watch on all approaching by that way, their Indian Empire and by the two stations of Aden and Perim effectually close the Red Sea to all foreign or inimical vessels

The British flag was planted on the rock called Perim on the 14th of February, 1857, by a detachment of the forces sent out to India, and not till two months later was anything known about the occupation in Europe. There is always some reason, however weak, assigned even for the most unjustifiable acts by those who commit them, and when governments are determined on having any of those important little spots like Perim, which have been unnoticed by others, they can very easily satisfy themselves that they have a right to it. The British government has never suffered much from conscientious scruples on such trifling subjects as right and validity of title.

The occupation of the Island of Perim was ostensibly motived by the statement that an English vessel having been shipwrecked and pillaged in 1855 on the Berber coast, not far from the Red Sea, reparation was demanded from the chiefs of the nomadic tribes on that coast, and as they were not able to find and deliver the wreckers, the English agent at Aden proposed the occupation of Perim as an indemnity for the loss of the vessel and her cargo, and a guarantee against the recurrence of like offences in future. The Berber Scheiks, when brought to Aden, were of course obliged o consent to whatever was required of them, and a sort of treaty was drawn up, by which Perim was handed over to that old offender, the East India Company.

The late President of the Board of Control, Mr. Vernon Smith, when questioned in Parliament with regard to the affair, eluded the question and could give no certain information as to what was ultimately to be done with the island. He merely said that Perim belonged to England since 1799, and that the intention of government was to make it a free port as was demanded. Mr. Vernon Smith did not exactly confine himself to historical truth in his statement. Perim has not belonged to England since 1799, nor did it ever belong to her. But, in that year, England, frightened at the probable consequences of the French expedition in Egypt, occupied Perim, with the consent of Turkey, who was then her ally. This was very natural, as Turkey, as well as England, was at war with France, and it was in the interest of both powers to close up the Red Sea and to prevent a French fleet, if it should be formed there, from leaving that sea. The English at that period built fortifications on the Island and portions of them were still found standing last year when the erection of new ones was commenced. In 1802 the English garrison evacuated Perim and for more than half a century the English flag ceased to float over the Island. The injustice of the English claim to the Island is twofold. If the motive of the occupation be the pillage of the English vessel by the inhabitants of the Berber Coast it is altogether absurd, for why should they then occupy Perim which is Turkish territory. The claim of possession since 1799 is likewise unfounded for the occupation at that period took place with the authorization of the Ottoman Government and the fact of Perim's being Turkish territory being thereby recognized, the occupation in 1857, without a like authorization, was entirely unjustifiable and contrary to the law of nations.

The question is still pending between the English and Turkish governments, and reports of the offer of a pecuniary indemnity by England are in circulation. Such an offer is a natural admission of the absence of all title on the part of that country. In Constantinople there is but one opinion with regard to the English claim: it is regarded as not having a shadow of foundation. Perim is looked upon as, beyond dispute, the property of the Porte, it being within a very short distance of the Arabian Coast which entirely belongs to Turkey. However, England will do everything to keep the Island, which by its position would be invaluable to her, and if she cannot have it by claiming it she will pay for it.

BIOGRAPHY OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

[*From Maguire's* "ROME: ITS RULER AND ITS INSTITUTIONS."]

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti was born in Sinigaglia on the 13th of May, 1792, of the Count Jerome and the Countess Catherine Solazzi of the same city. In 1803, being then in his eleventh year, he was placed by his parents in the college of a religious body called *Scolopii*, at VOLTERRA, which was then justly celebrated for its course of studies, and the wise system of instruction pursued by its gifted conductors. The noble aspect of the youth, the sweetness of his disposition combined with the firmness of his character, the vivacity and liveliness of his discourse, as well as the talent which he displayed, soon gained for him the love and esteem, not only of his companions, but also of his masters.

In 1808, while yet pursuing his collegiate course, he was seized with violent fits of epilepsy. Nevertheless, in the following year, and in accordance with the desire of his pious mother, he received the first tonsure at the hands of Monsignor Tecontie, the Bishop of Volterra; and in the October of the same year he hastened to Rome to complete his ecclesiastical studies.

This was to him the more pleasing as his mother's wishes were wholly in accordance with his own aspirations, which ever tended to the ecclesiastical state; whilst he was also aware that nowhere as in Rome can those studies and those preparations, which train the mind and heart for the sacred duties of the priesthood, be so well attended to and completed.

In the Capital he lived with his uncle, a canon of the Vatican Basilica; but the latter being obliged to fly from Rome, in consequence of the sad events which shortly afterwards ensued, the young Mastai also, in 1810, retired from that city. In 1812, on account of his distinguished birth, he was summoned to join the guard of honor in Milan; but an exemption was accorded him because of the distressing disease to which he was then subject. From this simple fact seems to have been derived the report, which has been so currently received, but which is devoid of all reality, that Count Mastai presented himself to Pius VII. in Rome, with the intention of embracing a military life, and solicited admission to the ranks of the Noble Guard. In truth, Massai never adopted the military profession, nor did his disposition prompt him to such a career.

He continued in his native city till the return of Pius VII. to his States. When the sorrow-stricken Pontiff passed through Sinigaglia, Mastai had the honor of being presented to him, and soon after hastened once more to Rome, where he witnessed, in May, 1814, the enthusiastic reception given by the citizens to the Holy Father in the Piazza del Popolo. The Ecclesiastical Academy having been reopened, Mastai attended its schools, but as a layman, the disease with which he was still affected preventing his aspiring to sacred orders. But God, who intended him for the ministry, inspired him, by inward impulse, not to despair of attaining that ardently desired state; and, reassuming the ecclesiastical dress, he commenced soon after his theological studies, under the direction of the distinguished Professor, Joseph Graziosi.

In 1818, Monsignor Odescalchi, who afterwards laid aside the purple, to become a member of the Order of Saint Ignatius, and was then a Prelate of the Court, invited him to take part in a mission which was about being given in his native province of Sinigaglia. Through the anxious solicitude of the Pontiff, after his return to Rome, bands of zealous missionaries were everywhere scattered throughout the provinces, to reawaken the spirit of religion, which was well nigh extinct in the breasts of the people, in consequence of the disorder which had so long and so universally prevailed. In this mission to Sinigaglia, together with the abovementioned Prelate, was engaged the Bishop of Macerata, Monsignor Strambi, whose cause for beatification is now being proceeded with. Mastai, inasmuch as his ecclesiastical orders allowed him, engaged in the mission with singular zeal, and with the most happy results; and returning to Rome, much improved in health, he asked for and obtained a dispensation to be promoted to the holy orders of sub-deacon and deacon, and was ordained sub-deacon on the 18th of December, 1818. His aspirations were not yet satisfied, but looking forward ever more and more anxiously to the priesthood, he solicited from the Holy Father a further dispensation, which was also granted, but with the condition that, when offering the Holy Sacrifice, he should be assisted by another clergyman. The Pontiff had shown himself so loving and paternal towards him, that he resolved to ask for a special audience, in order, if possible, to have even this condition removed. In this audience, the Holy Father, with his usual benignity, taking him affectionately by the hand, said: "Yes, we will grant you even this favor, as I believe that for the future you will be no longer affected with your disease." And so indeed it has happened; as from the close of the year 1818, to the present day, a period of nearly forty years, he has never once been subject to it! Thus did Divine Providence guide the lips of the Holy Father, to whom one might almost imagine was disclosed the future destiny of the youthful Levite, who then knelt before him in earnest supplication. On the festival of Easter, 1819, Mastai celebrated Mass for the first time, having chosen the Church of St. Anne *dei Falignami* for that purpose.

In 1823, a Canon of the Cathedral of St. James, in Chili, having come to Rome to solicit from the Pontiff a representative of the Holy See in that remote republic, Mastai was invited by Cardinal della Genga, then Vicar of Rome, and afterwards by Cardinal Gonsalvi, to take part in that mission with Monsignor Muzzi, afterwards Bishop of Castello. At that time such distant journeys were not viewed without just alarm and well-founded apprehensions of danger; and the Countess, his mother, wrote to Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State, entreating him most forcibly not to permit her son to undertake this remote mission. But Mastai, nowise affected by those dangers which a fond mother's fancy so readily conjured up, received the invitation as a voice from heaven, summoning him to a new and wider field of labor. Wherefore, yet ignorant of the solicitations of his parent, he presented himself to the Holy Father, who said to him,—"The Countess your mother has written to the Secretary of State to prevent your journey; but we have written to her, in answer, that you will surely return safe from this mission." This occurred in the month of June, 1823; and the prediction of the Pontiff was verified to the letter, as about three years afterwards Mastai revisited his friends in Sinigaglia; the Apostolic Delegate having, in consequence of the breaking out of a revolution in Chili, deemed it more prudent not to delay longer in that country. While on his route to Chili, he was obliged to stop at Monte Video and other places in South America; and wherever he stopped he lost not a moment in exercising his ministry, to which he also untiringly devoted himself during the two years that he spent in Santiago.

A circumstance of which I lately became aware is too characteristic of the illustrious object of this sketch not to be mentioned in connection with his mission to Chili. As the Apostolic Delegate and his companions and suit were on their way to the capital, they had to put up at a miserable wayside inn, far remote from any other human habitation. In this comfortless abode lay an English officer, tossing and writhing on a bed of sickness, many thousand miles away from home and friends. The sad condition of this unhappy gentleman, a stranger and a "heretic," became known to the Italian ecclesiastics; one of whom charitably remained behind his companions to watch by the sick man, whom he nursed with all the tenderness of a mother or a sister. Nor did he leave his side till he had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to health and strength. The Italian priest who so stopped by the wayside, to minister to the sick stranger, was Mastai Ferretti, now Pius IX.*

In December, 1825, on his return to Rome, he was appointed, by Leo XII., to the presidency of the vast ospizio of San Michele. The prudence and solicitude with which he discharged the laborious functions of that office are yet gratefully remembered by those who were then acquainted with the institution, and formed a prelude to the noble works which he was afterwards to achieve in a wider and more glorious field,

Nor was he at this early period of his career without experiencing those more public difficulties which, in a terribly aggravated form, were to cast so sad a gloom over the first years of his Pontificate. In 1831 some disturbances were excited through the States, which, however, with the aid of the Austrian troops, were soon repressed. This was a trying conjuncture for our Archbishop, as about 4,000 insurgents, who, on the approach of the Austrians, had abandoned the siege of Civita Castellana, took up their quarters in Spoleto. No immediate succor could be hoped for; but still Mastai did not abandon his flock, or lose courage in the emergency. Nay, partly by entreaties and expostulations, and partly by promising some few thousand scudi to the troops, he so far succeeded with them as to induce them to return to their allegiance, and yield up their arms to the constituted authorities. These, including many thousand stand of muskets, and five pieces of canon, were transmitted to Rome. This indeed was one of those sweet and grateful triumphs which, throughout all times, men of his kind have won over passion, and even despair.

In the January of the ensuing year an earthquake laid desolate a great part of the province; and thus a new field was opened up to the charity of the good Archbishop. Everywhere he hastened to the relief of those who were the most distressed, especially visiting and comforting those districts whose inhabitants had no shelter left save what was afforded them by rudely constructed huts. The faithful Pastor suffered in his flock, and made their misfortunes his own. We have, in our own times, seen heavier calamities fall upon a portion of a proud empire, whose statesmen and whose press treat with contempt the rule of ecclesiastics; but, notwithstanding the pride and power of that empire, we beheld its innocent and unoffending subjects dying like mangy dogs upon the public highways, while efforts, clumsy and unsympathizing, were being tardily made for their relief. It had been well for Ireland if, in the days of her tribulation, a Mastai had presided over the councils of her rulers—or if there had been less of the spirit of Political Economy, and more of the spirit of the Gospel.

It pleased the Sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI. to translate the subject of our memoir, in the Consistory of December, 1832, from the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto to the Episcopal See of Imola, in which he was successor to Cardinal Instiniani, who had resigned its charge. In this see he was decorated with the purple, being reserved in *petto* in the Consistory of the 23d of December, 1839, and proclaimed Cardinal on the 14th of December, 1840.

In Imola he promoted many useful and permanent institutions, Amongst others, a college for ecclesiastical students whose means did not allow them to complete their studies in the Episcopal Seminary; and an orphanage, or rather a society for the guardianship and maintenance of about thirty children of the poorest class.

To found a refuge for female penitents had long been the object of his fondest wishes. To his mind was always present the touching spectacle, to use his own expressive words, of the "lost daughters of the world soliciting admission to the fold of Jesus." For those unhappy beings his heart bled; and to afford them an asylum from the horrors of a life of misery and a death of despair, he freely sacrificed his every available resource. Out of his own private means he purchased and suitably fitted up a house for the reception of a number of these poor outcasts, as also for the accommodation of some nuns of the noble order of the Good Shepherd, who, at his urgent request, were sent from the parent house at Angiers, to take charge of the institution. That day was a proud one for Cardinal Mastai that witnessed the arrival of four Sisters at his palace; which he placed at their disposal, until their future abode was fully prepared for their reception. With indescribable joy he welcomed the good Sisters, whom he had so anxiously implored to come to his assistance in his work of charity; and the simple nuns were filled with gratitude, at first not entirely divested of embarrassment, at the attentions lavished upon them by a Prince of the Church, who himself waited upon them while they sat at his table, and ministered to their wants with more than the humility of a servant.

Thus did the wise prelate seek, by his new institutions, to provide for the wants and necessities of his flock; and it is difficult to know which most to admire, the solicitude of the Pastor, or the generosity and benevolence which prompted such works, embracing all classes, and excluding none from their beneficent operation.

An incident that occurred in the February of 1846, evinced the noble courage with which the Prelate was endowed, and the singular efficacy which Providence communicated to his words. One evening of the Carnival, a little before dusk, the Cardinal was making his accustomed visit before the altar of the Holy Sacrament in the Cathedral, when the sacristan rushed towards him, crying out, "to hasten for God's sake, as murder was being perpetrated in the sacristy." Invoking the Divine aid, the Cardinal at once arose, and hastening to the spot, found there, lying upon a form, a youth of about twenty years of age, who having been dangerously wounded by a bayonet thrust, had just taken refuge in the sacred building. The Cardinal had scarcely reached the sufferer, when three armed men rushed in, with the wicked intention of completing their deed of blood. But nowise dismayed by their naked weapons, and their looks of deadly hate, Mastai boldly confronted the assassins, and, presenting his pectoral cross, described to them the enormity of their crime, and commanded them to retire. His words, so full of courage, and uttered as with the authority of one commissioned by heaven, struck terror into their breasts, and were silently and unconsciously obeyed.

Mastai was now about to quit the scene of so many pious labors, and so many works of charity and love, for a splendid destiny, the grandest and the loftiest which man can be called on to fulfil on this earth; but one ever fraught, if not with perils and sorrows, at least with the gravest anxieties and the profoundest cares.

In the beginning of June, 1846, being then engaged with a considerable number of his clergy in a spiritual retreat, he received the announcement of the death of Gregory XVI. Immediately on the receipt of the sad intelligence, he hastened to the episcopal residence, and having celebrated the last obsequies of the deceased Pontiff, at once proceeded to Rome, unconscious of the fate which there awaited him. He arrived in the Capital on the evening of the 12th of June; and in forty-eight hours afterwards he and his brethren of the Sacred College entered the Conclave. On the 15th, the tosting of the votes commenced; the evening of the 16th saw him unanimously chosen; and on the morning of the 17th, the election of Pius IX. was proclaimed to the Christian world.

* The name of the British officer was Miller.

CITY NEWS.

WHERE CRIME IS HATCHED.—Recorder Barnard, in his charge to the Grand Jury in the Court of Sessions last week, took occasion to point out the classes who foster and whose examples are most conducive to crime in this city. His Honor's exposition of the different arts and artifices resorted to by the several parties denominated, for the purpose of carrying out their designs, is anything but flattering to human nature. The inferior lawyers or "shysters," as they are commonly denominated, who infest the Tombs and carry on their sharp practices in the subordinate courts, came in for a very deserved share of animadversion. Instead of advocates those persons are plunderers, and cheat the unfortunates who solicit their advice in the most nefarious and heartless manner possible. They demand fees, until the victim has not a farthing left, and then they extract from him his clothing and every article of value he possesses. Such diabolical proceedings call loudly for redress. The receivers of stolen goods were pointed out by the Recorder as being particularly obnoxious. These worthies are considered as among the chief supporters of crime in the city, and the source from which most of the murderers and the perpetrators of larcenies are derived. The reputation of the police is made to suffer in connection with these receivers; for the latter carry on the business openly with the knowledge and concurrence of the former, the wealthy receiver paying the faithless policeman a stipend for overlooking his transactions. The keepers of Loan and Pawn Offices were also stigmatized as contributing their quota to the general depravity. His Honor having concluded his remarks on the rogues of Chatham street, directed the Grand Jury's attention to the still more reprehensible rogues of Wall street, with whose peculiar business and traits of deception he appeared to be perfectly conversant. His remarks on the Wall street gentry are too good to be lost. Alluding to the practice of stock-gambling, he said: "Many of those taking part in this species of gambling belong to what are called the higher classes of society, which of necessity renders the example more pernicious, and more liable to spread in a direction where honesty and industry will give way to rascality and idleness. It is usual for many of these operators so engaged to combine for the purpose of increasing or depreciating the price of stocks, for the express purpose of exempting themselves from loss, or of securing advantage in such negotiation. It is impossible to preserve our general business and commercial transactions in any condition of freedom from peril so long as this practice is tolerated. We are every moment on a volcano, and liable to a financial convulsion which will involve, more or less, the whole community. Not only is it demoralizing, but it works great injury to *bona fide* owners of stock. If, therefore, after due consideration, you shall deem such a measure to be an effectual safeguard, or even calculated to mitigate the evil in question, you are recommended to call upon the Legislature to pass such laws as may meet the exigencies of the case."

SALE OF THE COLLINS STEAMSHIPS.—The Collins steamships have been sold at last. The sale took place at the wharf, foot of Canal street, on Thursday, the 1st inst. About one hundred and fifty persons, including several of our most prominent commercial men, were present on the occasion. About 1 o'clock the auctioneer, Mr. S. Bogart, entered on his duties, first making the following announcement: "Gentlemen, please give me your attention. I am authorized by the Sheriff to sell, at public auction, the steamers Atlantic, Baltic and Adriatic, of the New York and Liverpool United States Mail Steamship Line, together with all of their tackle, machinery and apparel." At this juncture several parties came forward and made claims against the company, among the rest a person on the part of the United States Government, who notified the Sheriff of a claim of $115,000 on the part of the United States against the Company. The Board of Supervisors of the City of New York had also an agent on hand who claimed $39,000, that being the amount of unpaid taxes. The entire claims against the company amounted to $657,000. No one seemed anxious to buy, and after some gesticulating on the part of the auctioneer, the steamers were sold for $50,000 over the actual claims to a Mr. Dudley B. Fuller, of the firm of Fuller, Lord & Co., Iron Merchants, Greenwich street. Thus the three steamers were disposed of for $705,000, a small sum when we recollect that the Adriatic alone cost over $700,000, and the other two steamers half a million each. It is presumed that Mr. Fuller acted on behalf of Brown Brothers, who are the largest claimants against the company.

CHARITY BALL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A charity ball came off at the Crystal Palace on the evening of Thursday, the 8th inst. The crowd was immense, some of the morning papers setting down the numbers at twenty thousand, but this is manifestly an exaggeration. It is believed, however, that twelve thousand persons were psesent. The old Palace was fitted up in most superb style, and certainly looked young again. From the dome shone an immense Bude light, while from another portion of the building was suspended an immense chandelier with its 530 lights. The ball came off under the auspices of the Hunter Woodis Benevolent Society, an association deriving its name from Hunter Woodis who was Mayor of Norfolk, Va., during the time of the yellow fever in that city in 1856, and who fell a martyr to his zeal on behalf of those afflicted with the malady. It is estimated that the proceeds will realize some six or seven thousand dollars. If not the most interesting, certainly the most lively part of the entire proceedings was at the close. Owing to bad management it became almost impossible to recover the ladies' shawls and cloaks at the termination of the ball, from the parties to whom they were entrusted. The consequence of this was a rumpus. Gentlemen were precluded from entering the ladies' rooms. A belicose individual who attempted to force an entrance in search of his wife was throttled by an equally pugnacious policeman. A general row was the result. An American and a Scotchman had a stand-up fight, in the course of which one of the party drew a dirk and made a plunge at his opponent.

THE EUROPEAN MAILS.—A letter appeared in some of the morning papers of Saturday last to the effect, that the Post Office Department entered into a contract with the proprietors of a British steamer (the *City of Baltimore*) to carry the mails to Liverpool at the precise moment that the American steamship *Vanderbilt*, was in port prepared to take them on equal terms. We should like to hear the other side of this question before offering a decided opinion. One thing, however, is certain, it is a suicidal and absurd policy to commit the transfers of American mails to British steamship companies, while American companies are prepared to carry them on equal terms. As has been truly said, "such conduct has the effect of building up English shipping on the ruins of American enterprise." The *Vanderbilt* is reported one of the fastest steamers in existence, and fully competent to undertake the carrying of the U. S. Mails to Liverpool.

A NUT FOR THE NEW YORK MANAGERS.—We perceive that a bill is before the State Legislature to the effect that any owner, lessee, manager, agent, or any officer of any theatre in any of the cities of this State, who shall admit a minor under fourteen years of age to a theatrical exhibition, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of not less than $25, or more than $100, or imprisonment from ten to ninety days. It is certain that the number of obscene and ridiculous representations brought upon the boards of the New York Theatres within the past three months is alone sufficient to warrant such a bill as the above. The legitimate drama seems to be completely lost sight of, and in its stead the town is treated to sickening details of "Lucknow Cruelties" and "Nena Sahib Massacres," which are derogatory to morals and good taste as they are false and sickening in detail.

REMAINS OF A MASTODON NEAR JAMAICA, L. I.—The remains of a Mastodon were discovered last week by the excavaters employed in connection with the Brooklyn Water Works. Fragments of decayed bones were first turned up, but in so imperfect a state as to defy a discovery as to what species of the animal creation they belonged. Shortly after, however, four teeth were discovered which were sufficient to set the matter at rest. Remains of this animal have been found at various times in this State, New Jersey, Ohio, Kentucky, and along the Connecticut River.

A cargo of white oak and yellow pine timber, amounting in value to $53,000, was shipped on Saturday the 3d inst., on board the ship W. S. Lindsay, from this port to Venice, for the construction of a naval dry dock for the Austrian government.

Now that the Kansas question has partly collapsed, we are about being treated to a new subject which threathens to be just as tedious and interminable. This new hobby is "Fair Play for Women." A number of lecturers, burning with the zeal of a Don Quixote and with about an equal amount of common sense, independent of a little self-interest, have come forth with the romantic idea of doing battle on behalf of the sex. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the equipments of this "valorous sort" differ essentially from those of the chivalrous knight of La Mancha. Instead of helmet and lance, the modern knights flourish a dozen pages of closely written foolscap, and strive to effect their purpose by moral persuasion. This being, undoubtedly, a moral age, an age of religious revival, it only remains for those advocates of "Fair Play" to persist. The last exhibition of knight-errantry with which we have been treated in connection with the subject came off at Mozart Hall on the 8th inst. The orator figured to himself a golden era on the accomplishment of his dreams, from the pleasing contemplation of which we are, of course, unwilling to disturb him.

A fire occurred at No. 252 First avenue early on Friday morning last, which resulted in the suffocation of one man. Three horses, which were stabled in the basement attached to the building, were burned to death.

An Englishman, named Hides, committed suicide at his place of residence, No. 17 Crosby street, on the 8th inst. He was in destitude circumstances; hence the cause assigned for his suicide.

The police of the Thirteenth Ward held a Religious Revival Meeting on an afternoon last week. The place selected was a Methodist Church somewhere in Attorney street.

The Hon. S. S. Randall has been elected by the Board of Education as City Superintendent from the 1st of June next. The duration of office is two years.

Fifteen Indian warriors belonging to the Pawnee tribe are in town. They arrived here on Wednesday, the 7th inst. On Friday evening last they visited Niblo's.

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NEW YORK FAMILY MARKETING.

Dealers in the large markets complain that business is very dull, and that the demand for all manner of marketable commodities is failing off daily. The grocers buy less than ever, and it really seems as though thousands of poor families were denying themselves their ordinary quota of food.

VEGETABLES—The vegetable market is now of the first importance in view of the incoming of early spring—lettuce, radishes, salad, pie plant, &c. As yet we have only hothouse varieties, but they are quite abundant, and can be bought tolerably cheap. The New Jersey and Long Island farmers who raise these articles for the New York market must make a good thing of it, as the demand is very great and the competition light. They, in fact, have full possession of the market from the middle of March until May, by which time the trade from the South springs up, but prices do not lower much before June. It would be a curious calculation to find out how many millions New York pays yearly to the Jerseymen for their produce. Potatoes are somewhat down in price in consequence of the large quantities that have been sent in from all quarters of the West. They have gone down from 25 to 75 cents per barrel just at the time when they should have been higher from their scarcity. This is a grievous state of things for the dealers, but there is no reason why the consumer should not rejoice thereat.

GAME AND POULTRY—Wild fowl of all kinds are rapidly disappearing from the market. With the exception of a few snipe, prairie hens and pigeons, there is very little to be seen or quoted. The law against killing birds at this time of year should be strictly enforced. It is a wanton waste of our forest and lake birds to kill them in the breeding season. The authorities should insist on the game laws being observed.

MEATS—Meats are without much change. There is a little spring lamb in market, but it is hardly worth quoting. It is not food any sensible person would think of eating, and the lovers of this delicacy would do well to try and control their appetites for a month or so, when it will be fit to eat, and will have its proper accompaniment of nice green peas. There is plenty of young veal in market, much of which has a very suspicious look. Avoid it for a while yet.

FISH—Dealers realize good prices in fish. There is some salmon in market that sells for $1@$1 25 per lb. Salmon trout sells for 18c. per lb. Shad is not very plentiful as yet. The few that are caught in the North river are small and lean; the Delaware river shad are very fine, being fat and well flavored. Oysters are getting scarce.

BUTTER AND EGGS—Butter is down a trifle. There has been some new butter in market from the country that did realize very high prices. Eggs are also cheaper.

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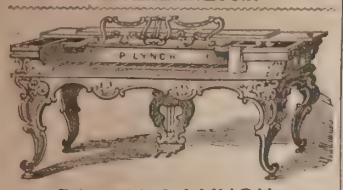

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